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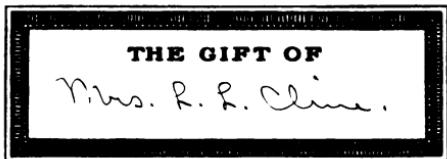
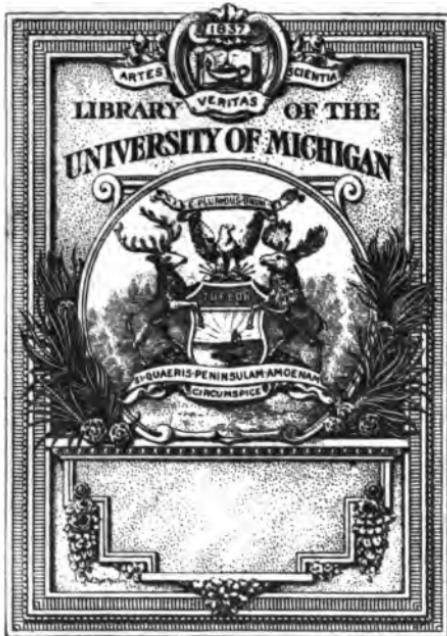
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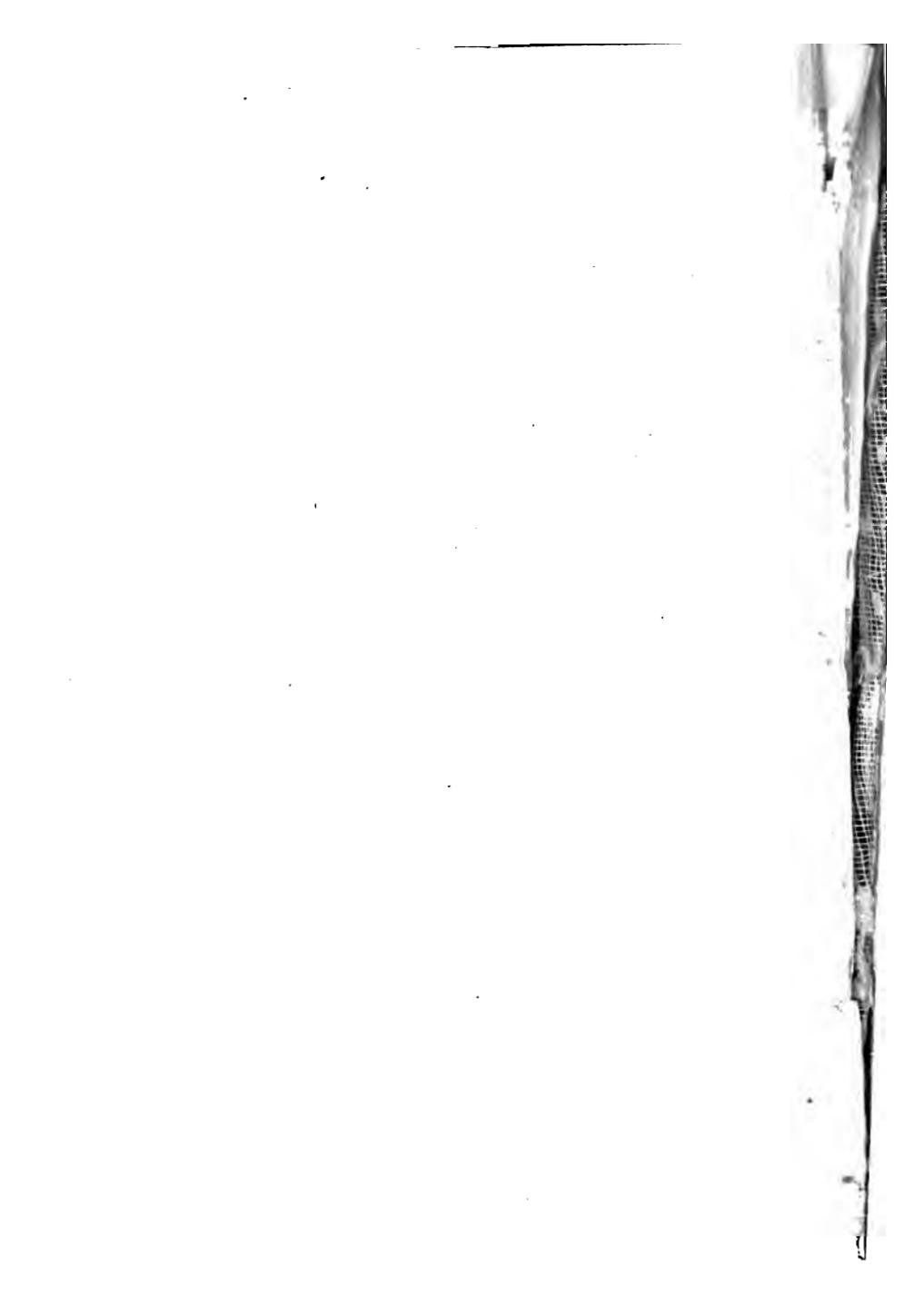
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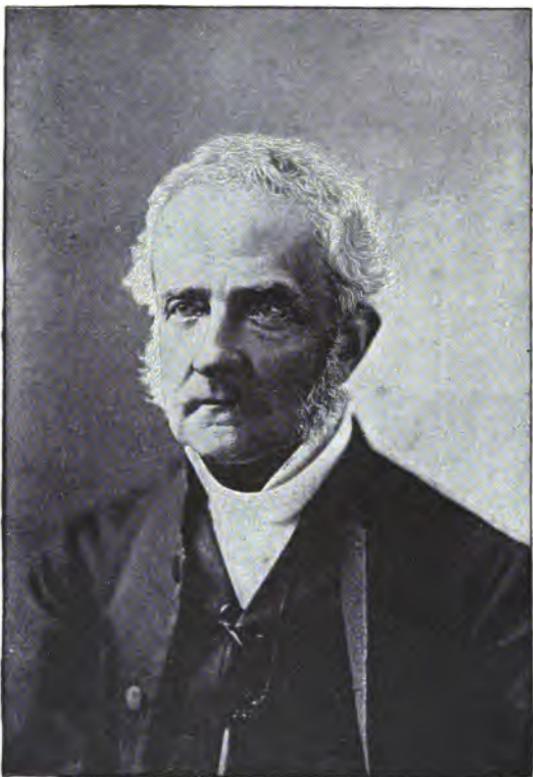
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January 1889.



to you



ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

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ELIAN STANLEY

WITH CHILDREN

BY J. R. GREEN, NEW YORK

ELIAN STANLEY WITH CHILDREN

BY J. R. GREEN, NEW YORK
CLAYTON PARKS

BOSTON:

CHAPMAN AND COMPANY
FRONT AND LAWLEY STREETS



DEAN STANLEY
WITH THE CHILDREN

BY
MRS. FRANCES A. HUMPHREY

FIVE OF DEAN STANLEY'S SERMONS TO CHILDREN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
CANON FARRAR

BOSTON:
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY
FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS

1855 C. U.

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1884

Press of Berwick & Smith, 118 Purchase Street.

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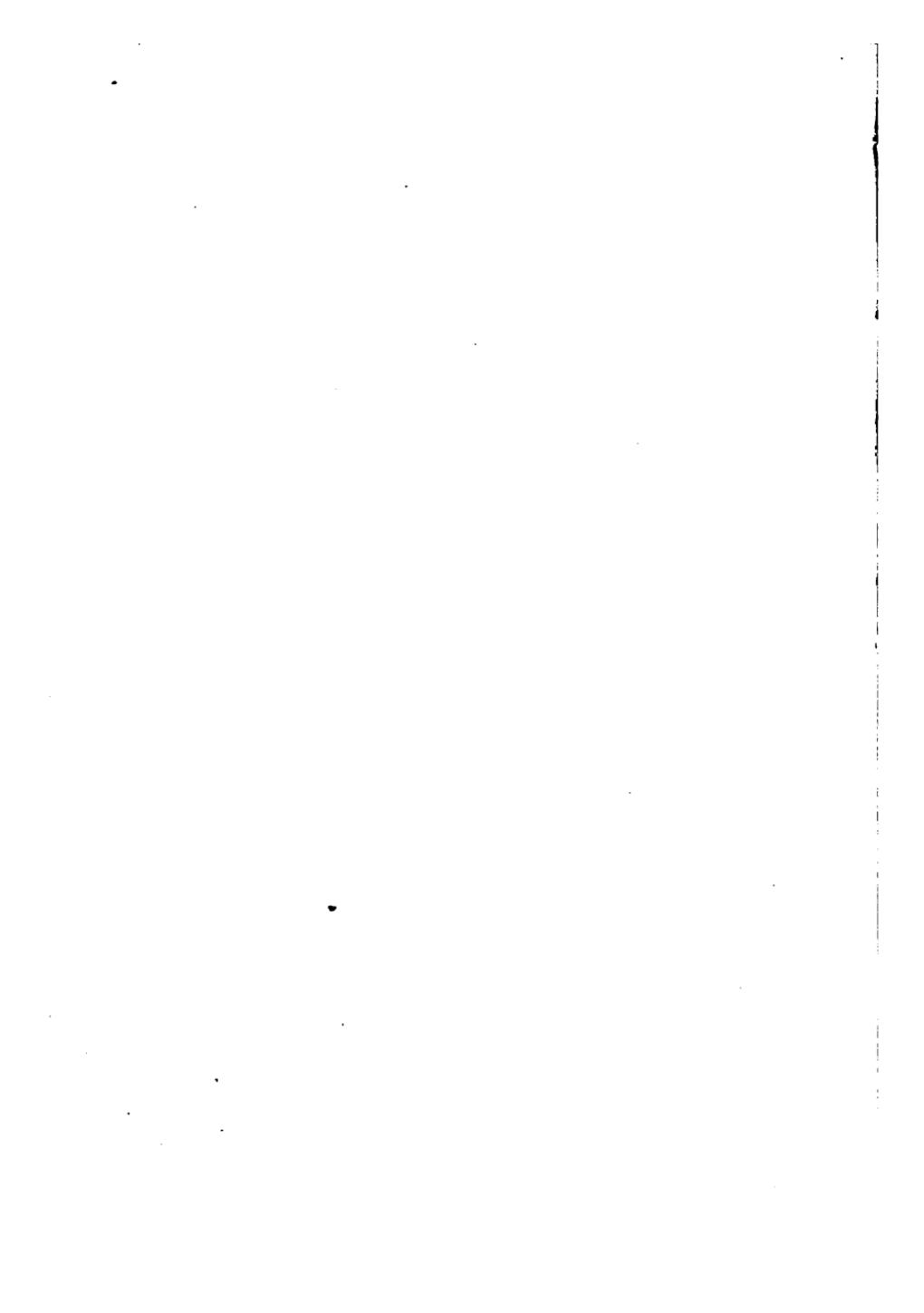
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DEAN STANLEY
AND
WESTMINSTER ABBEY



CHAPTER I.

HIS EARLY BOYHOOD.

WHAT kind of a boy was Arthur Penrhyn Stanley? Where did he live? What were his favorite sports? What about his mother? I hear all these questions, and half a hundred more, eagerly asked by the boys and girls who will read, later on in this book, the famous Christmas sermons preached by Dean Stanley, to the children, in Westminster Abbey, or to whom they will be read by father or mother, and who will want to know whether this man who preached to children ever knew what it was to be a real live boy himself, with a good appetite, a love of fun, and a pocketful of strings, marbles, jackknives and fishhooks.

Arthur Stanley was born in lovely Alderley, which lies in Cheshire, England, just where the level pasture lands rise into the rocky Alderley Ridge. His father, Edward Stanley, was rector of the parish. Through the rectory grounds ran a clear brook, a capital stream upon which to launch and sail the boats which Arthur did not make, but which his older brother Owen did.

How often do we see proved the truth of the saying, "The child is father of the man." This Owen, with his tastes for boat-building, for mathematics, for astronomical calculations, entered the naval service, and became commander on the *Britomart*, and captain of the *Rattlesnake*. But Arthur saw the poetical side of nature. The ripples in the brook were more to him than the toy boats that sailed upon it, and he was much more likely to write a poem on its beauties, than to assist in the boat-building.

I do not know exactly how old he was when

he wrote his first poem ; but when he was eleven he wrote some verses on the "Life of a Peacock-butterfly," in the stanzas of Spenser, using the old words of the time of Chaucer, with references at the bottom of the page. There is a manuscript volume of poems extant, written in a boyish hand, bearing upon the title page this inscription :

The Poetical Works of Arthur Penryhn Stanley, Vol. II.

As these poems bear dates ranging from 1826-27, and this is Vol. II., it is safe to infer that the "Peacock-butterfly" poem was not his first.

He found a great charm in the ancient legends that linger about Alderley, as they do about every inch almost of this rich old English soil. We in America know but little about the charms of historical and poetical associations. We have a few Indian legends, it is true, and there is Plymouth Rock, but that is young when compared with the famous

shrines that crowd the annals of early English history. And as it regards ghosts and wizards — are we not sadly lacking? But in Alderley, yes, in Alderley, in an enchanted cavern, sleeps a wizard with his hundred horses, and deep down in Rostherne Mere floats a church bell, which fell in once upon a time, and a mermaid always tolls it whenever a member of a neighboring family is about to die!

The rectory in which the Stanleys lived, was a low house with a veranda and a wide balcony around the upper story, where bird-cages hung among the vines that clambered up and about it. Its rooms were filled with carved oaken furniture, old and rare, that the rector had collected from his cottages — furniture that afterwards went with the boy Arthur to help in making his beautiful home in the Deanery at Westminster.

Edward Stanley was a delightful companion for children. There was nothing he did not know, so they thought, about birds, and insects,

and fossils. He could draw, he could etch, he could lithograph on stone. He knew all about plants, their haunts, and their habits of growth. And all these accomplishments were at the service of his little people at home and abroad. As he made his parish rounds on horseback, his pockets were laden with cakes and gingerbread to be given to those little cottagers who should meet him with clean faces and hands. We are not surprised to learn that he was immensely popular with all children. He published a book on the habits and ways of birds, which any boy or girl-lover of birds will find truly charming.

Arthur was a delicate little fellow from the first, and his mother watched for and chronicled every promise of strength. On a sunny day in May, 1818, she watches the three, Owen, Mary and Arthur, as they romp on the lawn, picking daisies, in doing which Arthur seems to expand like a flower himself. When schooltime comes, Owen trots off with his

Latin grammar under his arm, leaving his flag in charge of Mary, who is to unfurl it at the little Gothic gate when the clock strikes twelve. This Mary does promptly, and watches for Owen who, directly he sees the flag, begins to run, and Mary goes out to meet him as joyfully as though he had just returned from the North Pole—so says the mother. (In after years Owen Stanley *did* make a voyage to the North Pole, or its vicinity, and the ship narrowly escaped being crushed in the ice. It may be of interest to state just here that Owen Stanley died at the early age of thirty-eight, just after completing the survey of the coast of New Guinea. A lofty mountain in New Guinea bears his name.)

Arthur was really what is called “a mother boy,” clinging to her always with a sweet affectionateness. He was fond of drawing, and had a great love of pictures and birds, and prattled ceaselessly in his walks about the flowers. The family made frequent visits to

Highlake, by the sea, and Arthur, who always liked to share his good things, asked gravely, one day, if it would not be good for his little wooden horse to bathe in the sea! We have precious scraps from his mother's letters concerning him, of which here is one:

ALDERLEY, *July 6, 1820.*

I have been taking a domestic walk with the three children and the pony, to Owen's favorite cavern, Mary and Arthur taking it in turns to ride. Arthur was sorely puzzled between his fear and his curiosity. Owen and Mary, full of adventurous spirit, went with Mademoiselle to explore. Arthur staid with me and the pony, but when I said I would go, he said, coloring, he would go, he *thought*: "But, mamma, do you think there are any wild dogs in the cavern?" Then we picked up various specimens of cobalt, etc., and we carried them in a basket, and we called at Mrs. Barber's, and we got some string, and we tied the basket to the pony with some trouble, and we got home very safe, and I finished the delights of the evening by reading *Paul and Virginia* to Owen and Mary, with which they were much delighted, and so was I.

You would have given a good deal for a peep at Arthur this evening, making hay with all his little strength—such a beautiful color, and such soft animation in his blue eyes.

These children—and there was a Charles and a Catherine besides these three—had one priv-

ilege granted to but few children. Until sent from home to school their mother taught them, and not only taught them, but learned their lessons with them. Her method of teaching history was such, and so successful, that one wonders it has not been discovered long since, and put in practice by all teachers of history at home and at school. Instead of placing before them a dreary waste of dates and names and disjointed accounts of ages and countries, she would select one era, as for instance the Restoration in English history, or the time of Francis the First, in French, and then after a general survey, including the indispensable names and dates, she would gather up everything of interest relating to it, teaching them to search like herself, through memorials, biographies, poetry, novels or letters relating to the period, talking it all over with them, encouraging them to form and express independent opinions concerning events and causes, thereby fixing them in the memory.

Arthur, as he grew older, did not cease to write poetry, and two years after the "Peacock-butterfly" poem, he wrote a long poem on "The Druids," and one on "The Maniac of Betharas," outcomes from his historical and legendary studies. His mother, on emptying his pockets at one time, found beside the miscellaneous collection which a boy's pocket is expected to hold, and with which we are most of us familiar, numberless scraps of poetry, crumpled and soiled.

Miss Edgeworth was a favorite author with children when Arthur Stanley was young. In March, 1821, Mrs. Stanley writes:

He (Arthur) is just now lying on the sofa reading Miss Edgeworth's *Frank* to himself most *eagerly*. I must tell you his moral deductions from *Frank*. The other day, as I was dressing, Arthur, Charlie and Elizabeth were playing in the passage. I heard a great crash, which turned out to be Arthur running very fast, not stopping himself in time, and coming against the window, at the end of the passage, so as to break three panes. He was not hurt, but I heard Elizabeth remonstrating with him on the crime of breaking windows, to which he answered with great *sang froid*, "Yes, but you know *Frank's*

18 DEAN STANLEY WITH THE CHILDREN.

mother said she would rather have all the windows in the house broke, than that Frank should tell a lie: so now I can go and tell mamma, and then I shall be like Frank." I did not make my appearance, so when the door opened for the *entree* after dinner, Arthur came in first, in something of a bustle, with cheeks as red as fire, and eyes looking—as his eyes do look—saying the instant the door opened "Mamma! I have broke three panes of glass in the passage window!—and I tell you now 'cause I was afraid to forget!" I am not sure whether there is not a very inadequate idea left on his mind as to the sin of glass-breaking, and that he rather thought it a fine thing having the opportunity of coming to tell mamma something like Frank; however, there was some little effort, *vide* the agitation and red cheeks, so we must not be too critical.

When Arthur was eight years old, he was sent from home to school. That seems very early to send so shy a little fellow as was he, out from under the mother-wing. But English custom has always decreed that boys should be sent early to school. Fortunately, a school suited to his needs was found at Seaforth, about half a mile from the sea. There were nine little boys, and though Arthur at first cried bitterly when the time came to be separated from his mother and beloved auntie "Mia"

(afterwards Mrs. Augustus Hare), who had accompanied him thither, he quickly rallied; and when they visited him a few days after, they found him as happy as possible, and extremely proud of being called "Stanley." He early brought home a beautiful prize book for history, the first of a long series of prizes running through his school and university days.

His unconquerable shyness, however, remained, notwithstanding the advice of his drilling sergeant, who told him to "put on a bold, swaggering air, and not to look sheepish;" and his mother writes how much she desired her little "Prince Pitiful" to learn everything that would help him to a comfortable self-possession, and to social courage and ease. He liked to be with other boys, but he could not join them in hunting and shooting, and so betook himself more and more to his books. "But," says his mother, with true prophetic instinct, "he will be happier as a man, as literary men are more within reach than literary boys." And

never was a happier *man* than Arthur Penryhn Stanley.

Rev. Ernest Fontanès, an eminent Frenchman, in a paper printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, after the death of Stanley, alludes to this boyish shyness, and to the remarkable change in that respect in the man, in the following words :

They tell us that in his childhood, this man whom we have known so full of life, so frank, so gracious, a charming talker, with a fund of choice anecdote, always ready to enter into new relations, was thoroughly imbued with what we call "the English manner," *shyness*.

And then he goes on to say that it is a moral state little known on their side of the Channel, and the French language has no one word that will express it, and defines it, as "a mingling of timidity, reserve, awkwardness, failure of expansion, disposition to remain shut up in one's self;" truly a formidable array of negations !

CHAPTER II.

AT RUGBY.



CROSS ON RUGBY CHAPEL.

IN 1828, Arthur was sent, after much consultation with friends, to Rugby. His mother wrote to Doctor Arnold in reference to her boy. Of his answer she says:

Doctor Arnold's letter has decided us about Arthur. I should think there was not another schoolmaster in his Majesty's dominions who would write such a letter. It is so lively, agreeable, and promising in all ways. He is just the man to take a fancy to Arthur, and for Arthur to take a fancy to.

Before entering Rugby, however, he went on a brief Continental trip with his father and

mother, and it is chronicled that when he saw for the first time the sublime *Pic du Midi* rising above the clouds, he could find expression for his ecstatic delight only in crying out: "What shall I do! What shall I do!"

Arthur, as his mother had predicted, "took to" Doctor Arnold at once, and he was very happy at Rugby—after the first. He was homesick at first, poor little fellow! Years after he wrote to a friend, "I recollect when I first came here, and was much bullied at my first house, that I one day walked disconsolately up to the school, where I met —, who took me round the close, and asked me how I liked the place? I, being too broken-spirited to enter into a detail of my grievances, said, in the very bitterness of my heart, that I liked it very much."

"Keen as a hound," to use his own words, "in the pursuit of knowledge," he made rapid progress in his studies, but his mother derived the greatest pleasure, not from the reports of



DR. ARNOLD.

1807

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his studiousness, but from the accounts he sent her of his successes at football, and how he joined a hare-and-hound hunt, and got left behind "with a clumsy boy and a silly one," at a brook which, after some hesitation, he leaped, and "nothing happened." He told her how he with three other boys sat up all night, "*just to see what it was like*," and became heartily sick of the experiment before morning, and wished themselves in bed. Furthermore, he was detected in an "unlawful letting off of squibs," for which piece of mischief he was obliged to translate one hundred lines of Homer. All of which went to prove to the wise and anxious mother that her "Prince Pitiful" was getting rid of a little of his shyness at least, and "my health," he writes his former teacher, "is almost perfect."

The many readers of *Tom Brown at Rugby* (and their name is Legion) know what a rough place was the Rugby School in those days, for a delicate, sensitive, shy boy like Arthur Stanley. They have

read of the tossings of Tom and East in blankets, and the doings of the bully Flashman. The studious boys were in the minority. The majority were more eager for the delights of foot-ball and of cricket than for books. Once, at a Rugby dinner, Dean Stanley told a humorous story of how as he sat in his study reading Mitford on a holiday, "a stone thrown at me by a school-fellow came through the window, struck me on the forehead and left an almost indelible scar," so disgusted was this school-fellow with the sight of a boy reading when the rules of the school did not oblige him so to do. Arthur Stanley is said to be the original of the "Arthur" in that book. But if "Tom Brown" is Thomas Hughes its author, as is generally supposed, Arthur Stanley was in the sixth form when Thomas Hughes, then eleven, entered Rugby. In a paper printed after Dean Stanley's death, he tells how having a note of introduction to Stanley, he was kindly received and, together with six other small boys, invited to breakfast

with him—a distinguished honor as paid from a sixth-form boy to a new comer.

When Tom Brown first went to Rugby, you remember his delight when introduced into East's study. It was small, only six feet by four, and not very light, as there were bars and a grating across the window to keep boys from getting out, and forbidden things from coming in. Under the window, stood a table covered with a red-and-blue check tablecloth; there was a hard, *very* hard sofa and one wooden chair. The walls were partly covered with green baize, and, high up, hung prints of dogs and horses and other subjects dear to the boyish heart. There were shelves and cupboards for books and miscellaneous traps. Nothing very sumptuous as you see; but the charm of it all was, that the two boys who "chummed" together had it *all to themselves!* and some



BOY'S STUDY, RUGBY
SCHOOL.

such study, I suppose, fell to Arthur Stanley's lot when he, too, went to Rugby.

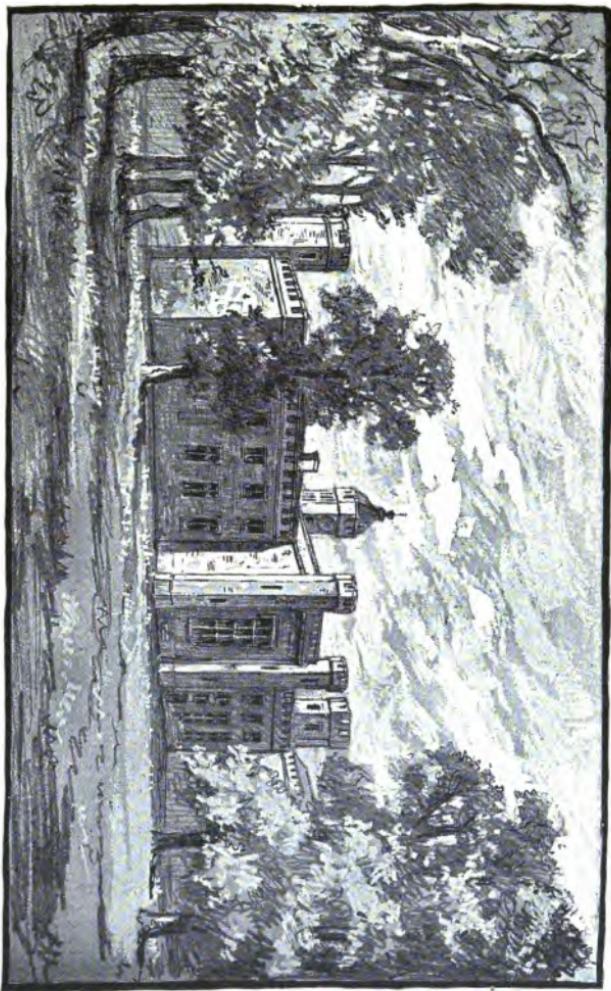
One of Arthur's scholastic feats while at Rugby was the carrying off of the five prizes then existing, won for a Greek poem and a Latin essay. As Doctor Arnold handed him the last of the five prizes, he broke the silence which, "strange as it may sound to modern ears he invariably maintained on the annual 'Speech day' with these expressive words: 'Thank you, Stanley; we have nothing more to give you.' "

An extract or two from his mother's letters during the Rugby years, may be of interest just here:

JULY, 1831.

I am writing in the midst of an academy of art. Just now there are Arthur and Mary drawing and painting at one table; Charlie deep in the study of fishes and hooks, and drawing varieties of both at another; and Catherine with her slate full of houses with thousands of windows; Charlie is fishing mad, and knows how to catch every sort, and just now he informs me that to catch a bream you must go out before breakfast. He is just as fond as ever of

RUGBY SCHOOL.



Memorandum

Arthur. You would like to see Arthur examine him, which he does so mildly and yet so strictly, explaining everything, so à l'Arnold.

DECEMBER 22, 1831.

I am going to have a sergeant from Macclesfield to drill them this holidays, to Charlie's great delight and Arthur's patient endurance. The latter needs it much. It is very hard always to be obliged to urge that which is against the grain. I never feel I am doing my duty so well to Arthur as when I am urging him to gymnasticise, when I would so much rather be talking to him of his note-books, etc. He increasingly needs the free use of his powers of mind too, as well as of his body. The embarrassments and difficulty of getting *out* what he knows seems so painful to him, while some people's pain is all in getting it in; but it is very useful for him to have drawbacks in everything.

Those who in later years have listened to the wealth of historical lore lavished upon the parties of strangers, workingmen and children, by the revered Dean of Westminster as he accompanied them through his beloved Abbey, can hardly realize that he ever had any difficulty in getting *out* what he knew.

In 1834 Arthur Stanley left Rugby and the "constant, delightful and blessed inter-

course," to use his own words, with his beloved master and teacher ceased. Of his relations with that master he has himself written in his *Life and Letters of Thomas Arnold, D. D.* Speaking at Baltimore in 1878 he said, "The lapse of years has only served to deepen in me the conviction that no gift can be more valuable than the recollection and inspiration of a great character working on our own. I hope you may all experience this at sometime in your life as I have done."

CHAPTER III.

THE BALLIOL SCHOLARSHIP.

THE previous November he went up to Oxford to try for the Balliol Scholarship and gained the first scholarship over thirty competitors of which examination he wrote the following graphic account to his mother :

NOVEMBER 26, 1833.

On Monday our examination began at 10 A. M. and lasted to 4 P. M.—a Latin theme, which, as far as four or five revisals could make sure, was without mistakes, and satisfied me pretty well. In the evening we went in from 7 P. M. till 10, and had a Greek chorus to be translated with notes and also turned into Latin verses, which I did not do well. On Tuesday, from ten to one, we had an English theme and a criticism on Virgil, which I did pretty well, and Greek verses from two to four—middling, and we are to go in again to-night at nine. I cannot the least say if I am likely

to get it. There seem to be three formidable competitors, especially one from Eton. [Another old English school, in some sense a rival of Rugby, situated near Windsor.—ED.]

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 7 1-4 P. M.

I will begin my letter in the midst of my agony of expectation and fear. I finished my examination to-day at two o'clock. At eight to-night the decision takes place, so that my next three fourths of an hour will be dreadful. We had to work the second day as hard as on the first, on the third and fourth not so hard, nor to-day—Horace to turn into English verse, which was good for me; a divinity and mathematical paper, in which I hope my copiousness in the first made up for my scantiness in the second. [He was never expert in mathematics. Under date of 1830, he writes to his mother that he had begun mathematics and he did not wonder Archimedes never heard the soldiers come in if he was as much puzzled over a problem as he was. Always a poet and historian, but never a mathematician—Ed.]

. . . . I will go on now. We all assembled in the hall and had to wait an hour, the room getting fuller and fuller with Rugby Oxonians crowding in to hear the result. Every time the door opened my heart jumped, but many times it was nothing. At last the Dean appeared in his white robes and moved up to the head of the table. He began a long preamble—that they were well satisfied with all, etc., etc. All this time every one was listening with the most intense eagerness and I almost bit my lips off till—‘The successful candidates are—Mr. Stanley’—I gave a great jump, and there was a half-shout amongst the Rugby men. The next was Lonsdale from Eton. The Dean then took me into the chapel where

the Master and all the Fellows were, and there I swore that I would not reveal the secrets, disobey the statutes, or dissipate the wealth of the college. I was then made to kneel on the steps and admitted to the rank of Scholar and Exhibitioner of Balliol College, *nomina Patris, Filii, et Spiritus*. I then wrote my name, and it was finished. We start to-day in a chaise and *four* for the glory of it. You may think of my joy—the honor of Rugby is saved, and I am a Scholar of Balliol!

Briefly we have followed the boy Arthur Stanley thus far. His school days are finished. The boy is fast merging into the man. It is not the province of this narration to follow him through the successive changes of his life, from undergraduate to Tutor at Oxford, as Canon at Canterbury, returning in 1858 to Oxford as Professor of Ecclesiastical History. In 1863 he was appointed Dean of Westminster and our interest now lies with that portion of his life and with Westminster Abbey.

Just here we may speak of his personal appearance. As boy and man he was slight in figure, with a delicate, sensitive face. As

Ernest Fontanès said, his body seemed only a pretext for being, just sufficient to retain his spirit in the visible world. His eyes were blue; he had little taste or scent. He cared nothing for the pleasures of the table, that is, for the eating. Of its social element he was largely appreciative, and knew how to make use of it, in bringing together people of diverse as well as similar views, thus strengthening the bonds of fellowship. An Oxford pupil relates how he with others often shared his frugal meals, laying stress on the word *frugal* and explaining that he (Stanley) was at the mercy of a college "scout" who took advantage of his ignorance in regard to the proper arrangements of meals, and his indifference to any food except brown bread and butter. "But," he adds, "we talked with him over that bread and butter with entire freedom and opened our hearts to him."

CHAPTER IV.

AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY is a vast volume of history, and to know it thoroughly is to know English history for the last eight centuries.

It was founded by Edward the Confessor, the last Saxon king of England.

Remains of the ancient building of Edward are still seen in parts of the Abbey. The growth of Westminster Abbey, says Dean Stanley in his *Historical Memorials*, is like that of "a venerable oak, with gnarled hollow trunk, and spreading roots, and decaying bark, and twisted branches, and green shoots." The spot for its erection was chosen on account of its nearness "unto the famous and wealthy city of London,"

and because pleasant and fruitful fields lay all about it. To-day the great city surges close around it.

In this Abbey the kings and queens of England have been crowned, beginning with William the Conqueror. Perhaps there is no more interesting object in the Abbey than the Coronation Chair. It is of oak, and was made by order of Edward the First. Under the seat, embedded in the English oak, is the Scottish "Stone of Scone," which Edward brought from Scotland, and upon which the kings of Scotland had been crowned from time immemorial. Edward the Second was the first king crowned in this chair, and it has been occupied by each succeeding sovereign to Victoria. It stands near the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and is scratched all over with the names of visitors.

Anne Boleyn was crowned here when the streets of London were not as now, "black and smoke-begrimed, but radiant with masses of color, gold and crimson and violet." Through

these splendid streets swept the equally splendid procession on to Westminster, "twelve French knights riding foremost in surcoats of



THE CORONATION CHAIR.

blue velvet, with sleeves of yellow silk, their horses trapped in blue with white crosses powdered on their hangings. After them a troop

of English gentlemen, two and two, and then the Knights of the Bath in gowns of violet, with hoods purpled with miniver like doctors." Then the Abbots "mitred in their robes;" the Barons in crimson velvet; the Bishops next, and then the Earls and Marquises in their gorg^{ous}ous dresses. By and by, "the white chariot" drawn by two palfreys "in white damask which swept the ground" approaches. In it sits the beautiful queen in "robes of white tissue, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds," while above her was borne a golden canopy, making music with its silver bells. This is only one of many brilliant scenes these walls have witnessed.

At the coronation of Mary, daughter of Henry the Eighth, the Princess Elizabeth complained to the French ambassador of the weight of her coronet. "Have patience," he replied, "and before long you will exchange it for a crown." And a happy day it was for England when Eliza-



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—FRONT.

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beth came to the throne. On that day, the day before her coronation, she "passed on," says Froude, "through thronged streets amidst a people to whom her accession was as the rising of the sun. . . Groups of children waited for her with their little songs at the crosses and conduits. Poor women, though it was winter, flung nosegays into her lap."

Two children have been crowned in the Abbey; Henry the Sixth, at nine, and Edward the Sixth, at eleven years of age. It has witnessed not only the coronation of kings and queens, but their burial. It is crowded with monuments. Children too have had their share in its funeral pomp. Tiny coffins crowd the vault of the Stuarts. In the north aisle of Henry the Eighth's Chapel, in a spot fitly termed "The Innocents' Corner," near the cradle tomb of Sophia, infant daughter of James the First, to which Dean Stanley alludes in his sermon on "Sick Children," and the tomb of her sister Mary, is an urn which holds the bones of the two

Princes said to have been smothered in the Tower by order of their uncle, Richard the Third. The eldest, Edward the Fifth, was already in the Tower when his mother, Elizabeth Woodville, queen of Edward the Fourth, took Sanctuary at Westminster with the youngest, Richard, Duke of York. She came at midnight, and was received by the abbot in the dining-hall, now the college-hall, where she "sate alone on the rushes all desolate and dismayed." The king, Richard the Third, would have taken the young duke thence by force, had he dared. (This phrase, "taking Sanctuary," means that any person, a criminal or an innocent person, fleeing thereto could not be taken thence by any one, not even by the king. This right of Sanctuary Westminster shared with other monasteries.)

At last the queen was persuaded to allow little Richard to join his brother. And "therewith," says the chronicle, after she had spoken thus to the child—"Farewell, mine own sweet son. Let me kiss you once ere you go; for God

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.



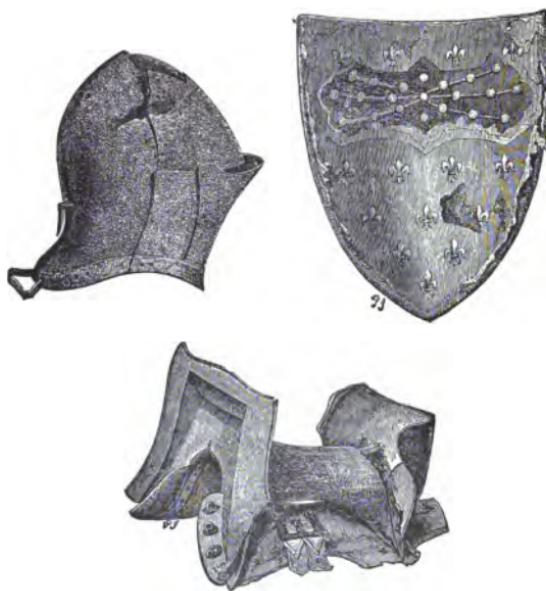
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knoweth when we shall kiss one another again,'" she "kissed and blessed him, turned her back, and went her way, leaving the child weeping as fast." She never saw her sons again. Two hundred years after their death, their bodies were found under a staircase in the Tower, and placed in this urn by order of Charles the Second.

In Westminster, too, lies, in a richly carved tomb, the beautiful little dumb daughter of Henry the Third, Catherine, aged five years.

One of the most magnificent funerals that has ever taken place in the Abbey, was probably that of Henry the Fifth. This Henry was Shakespeare's Henry; we may call him that, I think, for though Shakespeare wrote of other Henrys, yet he seems to have cherished a special liking for this "nimble-footed, mad-cap Prince of Wales," as did also the English people. One of the most exquisite scenes in his play of Henry the Fourth is laid in the palace of Westminster, the scene wherein the

young prince takes the crown from the pillow of his sleeping, dying father and returns it with filial, manly contrition. Henry the Fourth



SADDLE AND ARMOR OF HENRY THE FIFTH.

died in the Jerusalem Chamber, another of the historic rooms in the Abbey.

Henry the Fifth died in France, and his body was brought to Westminster Abbey for

burial. With torches, and with white-robed priests, the long and splendid procession moved up the Abbey, Henry's three beautiful chargers being led close behind the bier as mourners—led up to the very steps of the altar. This was a scene which Dean Stanley particularly loved to recall to the innumerable visitors to the Abbey. Henry's effigy lies stretched upon his tomb. It was carved from solid oak and plated with silver-gilt, the head being of solid silver. The latter was stolen in 1546. Above his tomb hang his shield, saddle and helmet.

Hotspur. Where is his son?

Vernon. I saw young Harry
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.*

And this is the very saddle, doubtless, into which he so "vaulted" on his way to Shrewsbury, where the two Harrys—Harry Hotspur,

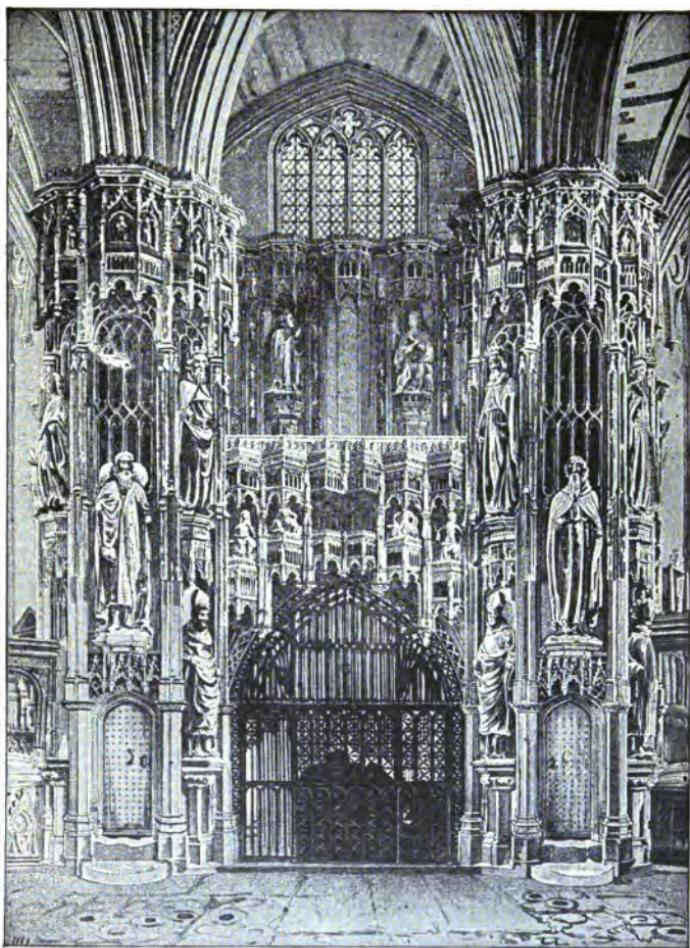
* *Henry IV. Part I, Act vi., Scene 1.*

the “never-daunted” Percy, and Harry Monmouth, Prince of Wales—met in mortal combat.

“The helmet,” says Dean Stanley, “which from its elevated position has almost become a part of the architectural outline of the Abbey, and on which many a Westminster boy has wonderingly gazed from his place in the choir—is in all probability ‘that very casque which did affright the air at Agincourt.’”

Although Shakespeare lies in the old church at Stratford-on-Avon, his statue is in Westminster Abbey, in the Poets’ Corner, and his name is indissolubly linked with it. For no one can think long upon English History and the people who have made it, without remembering Shakespeare, who has caused these people to live again in his magic pages, and who brings them before us “apparell’d in more precious habit, more full of life than when they lived indeed.”

The Poets’ Corner is in the South Transept,



CHAPEL OF HENRY THE FIFTH.

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and there was placed early in 1884, the bust of our own Longfellow. Dean Stanley had greatly wished for this to be done. He seemed always desirous of adding a fresh link to the associations which bind all English-speaking people to the Abbey. In the memorial window which he placed in Westminster Abbey to the memory of his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley, is a faint reproduction of the sun shining on Boston Harbor.

CHAPTER V.

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

THE allusion in a preceding chapter to the Westminster boys points us to another subject of interest connected with Westminster Abbey—the Westminster School. Says Stanley: "The traces of the Westminster boys who have played in its cloisters and inscribed their names on its walls, belong to the story of the Abbey no less than its venerable beauty, its solemn services and its lofty aspirations." The shouts of the Westminster boys from their seats in the Abbey have always been a recognized part of the ceremony of Coronation Day. "*Vivat Victoria Regina*," they shouted long and lustily at the coronation of the present august Lady of Great Britain, Her Majesty,

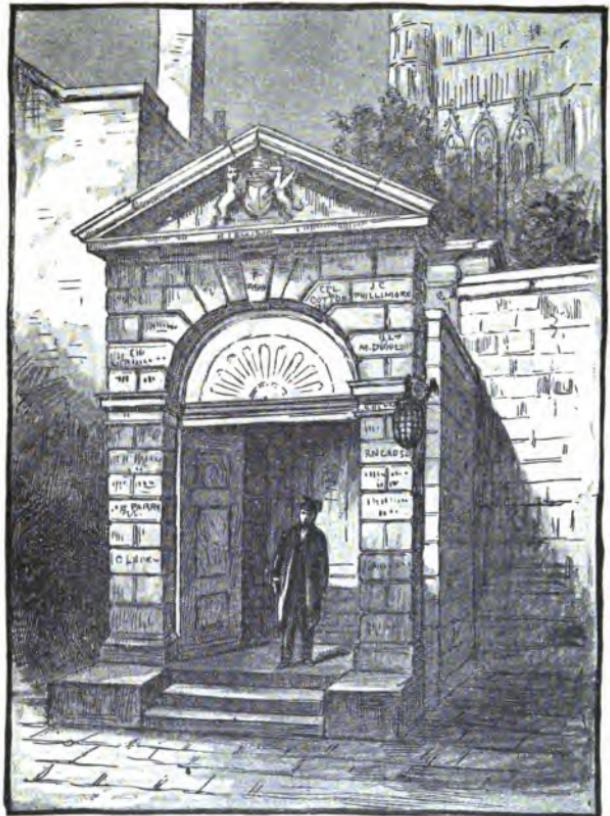
Queen Victoria. They have another ancient privilege which they hold from Queen Elizabeth, that of being present at debates in the House of Commons in their rightful seats at the back of the peers' benches.

This school was founded by Henry the Eighth, and refounded by his august and scholarly daughter Elizabeth, though even in the time of the monks the masters instructed the novices in the western cloisters where the floors were carpeted with hay and straw in summer, and rushes in winter, and where mats were laid along the stone benches. The wind and rain beat pitilessly through the open windows on the heads of the novices as they bent over their parchments, and the "Queen's Scholars" did not fare much better in later days. In the old school dormitory formerly the granary of the monks, one long room, slept all the forty boys "on the foundation," that is, the forty "Queen's Scholars" who are supported by the revenues. The windows in this room

were continually being broken, and as they were mended only during vacation, the atmosphere of the dormitory was often below the freezing point. But schoolboys have a happy faculty for turning inconveniences, and hardships even, into sources of frolic and fun. On these cold nights the seniors would order their fags out of bed to pour water down the middle of the room, so they could have a slide on the ice in the morning. Rats abounded in the dormitory. Leather braces had to be hung carefully on high, or nothing would be left by morning but the buckles.

Well-organized and vigorous rat hunts enlivened the nights, and one ambitious youngster of a mechanical turn of mind, constructed a battery of brass cannon wherewith to shoot the vermin, enticing them to the very cannon's mouth with bits of toasted cheese. This old building was replaced by the present dormitory in 1732.

When the school was refounded by Eliza-



THE ENTRANCE TO WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

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beth the dormitory of the monks was converted into a schoolroom—a fine room nearly a hundred feet in length and of proportionate width and height. Until late years, this was the only schoolroom; all teaching being done there. At the end of this room is a kind of semi-circular apse, or recess, and its peculiar shape—like a “shell”—has given that name to the form taught there (the shell form), and this name has come into use in other schools. On the walls of the schoolroom are scratched the names of many generations of scholars; many of these names have since become illustrious.



A WESTMINSTER BOY.

Dryden and Ben Johnson were Westminster boys, as were Charles Wesley and Warren Hastings.

In 1747, Warren Hastings, together with twenty other Westminster scholars in India, presented to the school a magnificent silver



THE OLD DORMITORY AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

cup. The handles were in the shape of elephants, and the names of the givers were inscribed upon it. It is still used in the dining-hall on festive occasions.

The Abbot's Refectory was turned into the

Scholars' Hall where they dine. To within the first half of the present century this Hall was heated by an immense brazier, the smoke from which escaped through a hole in the roof. A stove has replaced it. The great tables of Elm-wood—which a doubtful tradition says were made from the wreck of the Spanish Armada of Elizabeth's time—are marked with holes burnt by the coals tossed to and fro by the scholars.

Cricket and foot-ball are games beloved of the Westminster boys, as of all English schoolboys. Dean's Yard is their playground, together with Vincent Square, an enclosure of about ten acres, and with the Thames at their very doors, to bear their boats, they do not lack for out-of-door recreation, though the "pleasant fruitful fields" have long since disappeared. Neither are they driven to play foot-ball in the cloisters, as in Addison's time, who complained that the King's scholars thus disturbed his meditations.

A quaint custom still survives at Westminster School—the tossing of the pancake on Shrove-Tuesday. The cook, in official costume, enters the large school with the hot cake in the pan. He tosses it, or tries to toss it, over



DINING HALL, WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

the iron bar which formerly held a curtain, separating the upper and lower schools. If he succeeds, he claims and receives a fee of two guineas. The boys, on the other side of the bar, scramble for the pancake, and the one who secures it whole, which seldom happens, takes

it to the dean who gives him a sovereign. The boys also claim the right of "booking" the cook; *i. e.*, of hurling a shower of books at him if he fails more than once. They did this in 1865, being greatly exasperated at his failures of that and preceding years, and the cook retaliating with the frying-pan, a row ensued. This battle has been celebrated in a mock-heroic poem in Greek verse, printed that same year.

An anecdote will serve to illustrate the comfort of the boarding-houses where the scholars not on the foundation are lodged. Says the narrator:

I remember hearing of the present Lord Mansfield's brother being very ill in one of the boarding-houses, and his mother, Lady Mansfield, coming there to see him. There was only one chair in the room upon which the poor sick boy was reclining, and a friend who was with him was sitting on a coal-scuttle. When Lady Mansfield entered the room the lad who was sitting on the coal-scuttle got up, and with perfectly natural politeness and good-breeding offered it to her ladyship to sit down upon.

Among other duties of the "fags" at Westminster was the following: Each fag wore a waistcoat of a peculiar pattern, with innumerable pockets. In these pockets he was expected to carry and produce instantly when demanded, "two penknives, two pieces of india-rubber, two pencils, two pieces of sealing-wax, two pieces of pen-string, two dips (little globular ink-bottles), two dip-corks, two wedges, two pieces of gutta-percha (for putting on the points of foils) and any number of pens." However, within a few years this custom has been abolished and the pockets of the boys relieved, while fagging in general is not the rough, severe thing it used to be.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FOUNDER OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

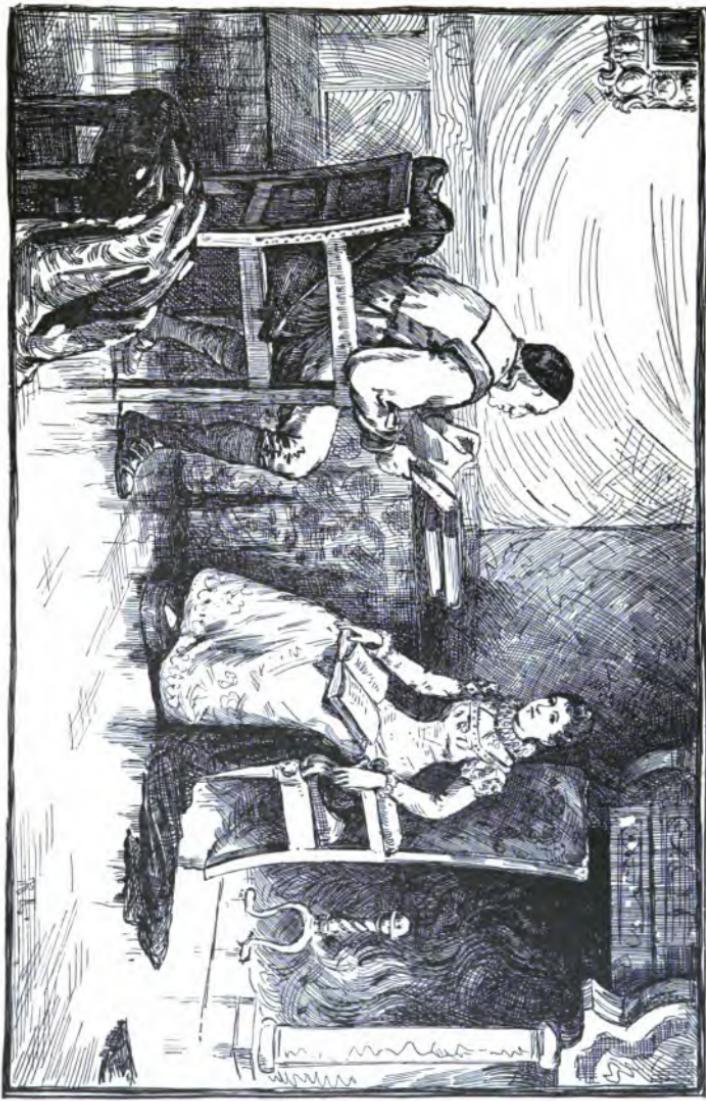
SOMETHING more should be said concerning the true founder of the Westminster School, Queen Elizabeth. Her love of letters was life-long, for she was a studious girl—a favorite pupil of the learned Roger Ascham. At sixteen she could speak Latin with fluency, and, like Lady Jane Grey, she read Plato in the original. Latin was a sort of universal language among scholars of that day. There is an entertaining account of a visit paid by Elizabeth to the University of Cambridge, in 1564. It is entitled "The Triumphs of the Muses." Elaborate preparations were made for the proper reception of Her Majesty, and on one of the days, she made a Latin speech to

the learned dons — all her own too! She began with due humility:

“Although that womanly shamefacedness (most celebrated university and most faithful subjects) might well determine me from delivering this, my unlabored speech and orations before so great an assembly of the learned —” And at its close her audience cried out with one accord, “*Vivat Regina!*” to which she graciously replied, “*Taceat Regina,*” and “so,” says the chronicle, “cheerfully departed to her lodging.”

She could talk with the French and Italian ambassadors at her court freely in their own tongues, and she possessed a far rarer accomplishment for those days, viz., her elegant handwriting. She was a writer of verses too, and some of them are extant in a book called *The Art of English Poetry*. She played the lute, and was versed in logic. In the contests for scholarships, at the Westminster School, it pleased her often to reward the victor with a purse of gold from her royal hand. She be-

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND HER TUTOR, ROGER ASCHAN.



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lieved in these intellectual combats which sharpen the wits.

Hers, as I said, was an age of learned men and women. The flame kindled by her brother, the studious Edward the Sixth, and his chosen companions, brightened and culminated in that brilliant era of English literature, known as the "Elizabethan Age." We cannot forget that Shakespeare lived then, and Spenser and Bacon. It was the age too of Sir Philip Sydney, that courtly gentleman and elegant scholar, of whom the story of how, when dying, he put back the cup of water from his own lips to those of a suffering soldier, with these words, "Thy necessities are greater than mine," will be told so long as the English tongue shall be spoken. In this company of statesmen and soldiers, of poets, and philosophers, and learned women, Elizabeth was not a mere "figurehead," she was part of it all—in no slight sense its helper and inspiration.

Although Elizabeth's girlhood was not happy,

her real troubles may be said to have begun with the death of her brother, Edward the Sixth, to whom she was tenderly attached. In her girl-hood she dressed with marked simplicity—that was the fashion at the court of Edward the Sixth—hence the pet name he gave her, “my sweet sister Temperance.” Her letters to him are sweet and loving.

In a portrait taken at an early age, she is in a very simple dress; a great contrast, in that respect, to later ones. There are plenty of portraits of good Queen Bess. At Hatfield Park is a portrait in which she is painted as Diana, the huntress; and in another, she holds a marmot in her arms. In this latter picture she wears a gown of black and gold. In still a third, her dress is covered with symbolical designs like serpents. They will show you, at Hatfield, the very hat she wore as she sat under the trees in the Park, said to be the one she had on when the news of her accession reached her.

Edward the Sixth died in 1553, when Elizabeth was twenty. Owing to the influence, probably, of the Earl of Northumberland, he set aside the rightful claims of his sisters Mary and Elizabeth to the crown, and named Lady Jane Gray as his successor. We all know that this most unwilling queen wore her honors but a few days, and her fair young head paid the price of the ambition of her kinsman. Queen Mary was then proclaimed, and during her reign the Princess Elizabeth was suspected more than once of plotting against her, with how much truth, it is difficult to say. At any rate, Queen Mary viewed her with a jealous eye, and kept her strictly guarded. It was while in a sort of semi-imprisonment at Woodstock, that, hearing a milkmaid singing a merry song in the fields, as she looked from her window, she wished that she too were a merry milkmaid, with liberty to go where she pleased.

Once she was imprisoned in the Tower, sus-

pected of complicity in Wyatt's conspiracy. This Tower was an ominous and often fatal place for royal heirs, as we have seen in the case of Edward the Fifth and Richard of York. As Elizabeth entered the Traitor's Gate, to which she had been brought by way of the Thames, and set foot on the ill-omened stairs, she exclaimed, "Here landeth as true a subject being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs, and before thee, O, God! I can speak it, having no other friend but thee alone!" By Wyatt's own confession, her innocence was declared.

The Thames was the great highway through London in those days. It is curious and interesting to compare a map of Elizabeth's London and Westminster, of which there are fac-similes, with a map of the London of Victoria. There was but one bridge where there are many to-day. On the south bank of the Thames, now crowded with population, were pastures wherein cattle grazed and the places



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

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for bull-baiting and bear-baiting, of which sports — very well suited to those times of imprisonment and the headsman's block — our Elizabeth with many other learned and noble ladies was fond.

She was three months in the Tower. A little five-year-old son of one of the under officers brought her flowers daily. But at last it was suspected (though falsely) that he was used as a medium of communication between Elizabeth and her friends, and he was forbidden to take her any more flowers to cheer her imprisonment. "Mistress," he said piteously through a hole in the garden wall, "I can bring you no more flowers."

At last Queen Mary died. As her death was announced in the Houses of Parliament, after a decorous pause arose the cry, "God save Queen Elizabeth! long and happily may she reign!"

Elizabeth was at Hatfield when the news of her accession was announced to her. She fell

on her knees exclaiming: "*A Domino factum est istud, et est mirabile oculis nostris*" (It is the Lord's doing, it is marvelous in our eyes), which to this day, says the chronicle, we find on the stamp of her gold, as on her silver is stamped, *Posui Deum Adjutorem meum* (I have chosen God for my helper). We have elsewhere read of the joy of her people, and of her royal progress through the streets of London to her coronation at Westminster.

Says Holinsted of this occasion:

How many nosegays did Her Grace receive at poor women's hands! How many times staid she her chariot when she saw any simple body offer to speak to Her Grace! A branch of rosemary given Her Grace by a poor woman about Fleet bridge was seen in her chariot till Her Grace came to Westminster.

From childhood Elizabeth had shown a marked interest in Westminster Abbey. In the chapter-book is an entry of the appointment of John Pennicott as bell-ringer, at the request of "the Lady Elizabeth daughter of our Sovereign

Lord the King;" she was then thirteen. At Westminster the bells are still rung on the day of her accession. (November 17.) A quaint portrait of her hangs in the Deanery.

She died in 1603, and her tomb is in the north aisle of Henry the Seventh's chapel, whither she was carried from Richmond, amid the tears of the nation. Her body was taken by way of the Thames to Westminster, and quaintly says the poet,

The queen did come by water to Whitehall,
The oars at every stroke did tears let fall.

CHAPTER VII.

DEAN STANLEY'S VENERATION FOR THE ABBEY.

PASSING on through what is called the east cloister, you enter a portion of the Abbey intimately connected with Dean Stanley's memory, the "incomparable" Chapter House.

As your eye rests upon its great central pillar, bearing up with such ease and grace the marvellous ceiling, you will say that the architect modeled it from nature, for its beauty and lightness are only equalled by those of a magnificent elm, which has had light and moisture and space in which to come to full perfection. This building is an octagon. Its use was defined by Abbot Ware when it was built :

It is the Little House in which the convent meets to consult for its welfare. It is well called the *Capitulum* (Chapter House) because it is the *Caput litium* (the head of strifes), for here strifes are ended.

Once a week the whole convent went thither in procession, and traces of their feet can still be seen in the worn pavement of the vestibule. There complaints were entered, confessions made, and punishments often inflicted. The great English House of Commons first had an independent home in the Chapter House, in the thirteenth century. In the time of Edward the Sixth, they removed to the Palace of Westminster, and thereafter the Public Records were kept here. Presses for their accommodation were built across the windows, and staircases erected to reach them. The exquisite stained glass was broken, the walls defaced, and the groined ceiling which threatened to fall, was taken down. Luckily, the fine tiled pavement was protected by a wooden floor, but otherwise, abuse, neglect, and time were suffered to

do their work, and the "incomparable" Chapter House became a wreck.

But in 1865 Parliament voted a sum for its restoration. The work of restoration was undertaken by Sir Gilbert Scott, vigorously and constantly pushed by Dean Stanley, and completed, with the exception of the windows, during his life. And so we have it to-day a lovely resurrection from the grave of the past. The Jerusalem Chamber has superseded the Chapter House, in part, as the place of business for the Dean and Chapter. Arrangements for ceremonials in the Abbey are made there; as at the placing of the bust of Longfellow in the Abbey, the guests assembled there.

Not only have kings and queens found a final resting place in Westminster Abbey, but poets, statesmen, and soldiers; novelists like Dickens; historians like Macaulay; explorers like David Livingstone, and many whose memory is but a name, sleep there together.

Handel, the great composer, is buried in

the Poets' Corner. During the life of George the Third, the centenary of his birth was observed in the Abbey. As the majestic Hallelujah chorus of the Messiah, Handel's immortal oratorio, was sung, the king stood, and the great assembly followed his example. Hence the custom of standing during the performance of that final number of the oratorio.

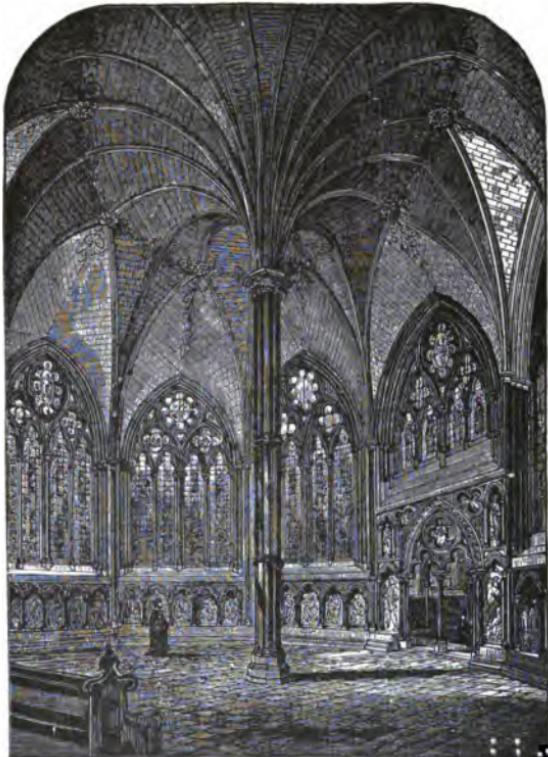
Many little wild creatures find a home in this venerable building. Rats domesticate themselves in its vacant and hidden spaces, and oftentimes gnaw its ancient parchments. Cats prowl about its cloisters; tiny birds nest in its cosey nooks; doves coo and flutter about its towers and carved buttresses; and the peregrine falcon yearly takes up its abode upon its roof, and makes havoc among the doves.

It was, as I have before said, to Dean Stanley a never failing pleasure to take parties of strangers through the Abbey, from tomb to tomb, through Chapter House and Jerusalem Chamber, pouring out his wealth of

historical knowledge in answer to their many questions. Sometimes the party consisted of a king and his suite; sometimes of workmen on their half-holiday; very often of children. There are people growing old in England and America to-day who count as the reddest of the red letter days of their childhood, the day on which they saw Westminster Abbey under the inspiring guidance of Dean Stanley.

On the very Saturday preceding his death, he had made an engagement to take a party of young sailors through the Abbey, but his sudden illness prevented.

We, who can now never visit Westminster Abbey with the living Stanley, may still see it, however, under his guidance, for though dead, he yet speaketh through his book called *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*. This is a book which any boy or girl with a love of history—and what boy or girl hasn't a love of history?—will find of absorbing interest. To read it is like wandering through a pic-



THE CHAPTER HOUSE AS RESTORED.

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ture gallery, with its walls hung with paintings from English History. For no artist draws and paints his pictures with greater skill than does Dean Stanley his beautiful word-paintings. To be sure, the charm of his living voice and manner is not there, but this book is a priceless legacy.

Few, if any, could have done the work so well. It was written in two years. Read it, and you will marvel that any one could have done it in so brief a time. It was written, as we say, *con amore*. No one, but a true lover, could have known the Abbey so thoroughly, and Dean Stanley loved it, from its foundation crypts to the topmost pinnacle of its towers. To him it was a living, breathing thing, full of life, not of death. And it was his passionate desire—the word passionate may seem a strong word, but is used advisedly—that others should learn to regard it as he did. This desire grew with those seventeen years in which he was its Dean.

It was through his zeal that the burial place of James, the first Stuart king of England, was found. The story of the search, as told in the *Memorials*, is as exciting as a search for buried gold. He carefully gathered up and replaced the fragments of the tomb of Edward the Sixth, the first Protestant king, the boy-king of England, who reigned and died before reaching manhood; — a king whose life must be full of thrilling interest to all boys. His tomb was broken and defaced during the time of the Protectorate.

He was always busy in restoring and preserving the Abbey and its monuments. He wished everything to be kept in its original state, whether of beauty or of ugliness, for it was all history, and as such should not be changed. “Had he never preached a sermon, never published a line, never made a single speech, never appeared in public on any general question, he would have made his mark in those ancient precincts as a memorable Dean.”

All this work was not accomplished in a time of leisure. Dean Stanley, all his life, was an exceptionally busy man. It is impossible to give you, within the limits of this paper, much idea of the vast amount of work he did. Sometime, we hope, a biography will be given to us by a competent hand; then we shall learn the details of this busy beautiful and blessed life.

Any chance visitor, wandering about the Abbey, not knowing where to look first, confused amid so much, was likely to be accosted by the Dean, taken in hand, led about, and its whole entrancing history poured into his delighted ear. Many acquaintances, among all classes, did the Dean make in this way; people who came afterwards, by invitation, to the Deanery, to talk with him.

He met in this way, one day, a London lighterman i. e., a navigator of barges on the Thames. In a letter, written after Dean Stanley's death, this lighterman gives an account

of one of his visits to the Deanery, made after the Dean's return from Palestine.

"It must have been beautiful to have been able to walk where the Saviour walked," said the man, referring to Dean Stanley's visit.

"Yes, beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour," replied the Dean, with what the lighterman said was a "heavenly look."

Those who loved Dean Stanley—and few knew him who did not love him—will remember that "heavenly look." Even we, who have not known him personally, can catch glimpses of it in his pictured face.

A marble pulpit was placed in the nave in 1859; it is the one from which Dean Stanley preached the Christmas Sermons to Children on Innocents' Day of each succeeding year, from which a selection has been made for this book.

Dean Stanley visited the United States in 1878, and a bust commemorative of that visit has been placed in Trinity Church, Boston. The marble tablet bears the following inscription:

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

Endeared to good men in all lands by the largeness of his heart and the loveliness of his character. His life was consecrated to the illustration of Christian History and the advancement of Christian Truth. His name will ever be a synonym of Catholicity, and Charity. This bust, the gift of one of his family, is placed here where he preached his first sermon in America, 22d September, 1878, in token of affection and reverence for his memory.

BORN 13 DECEMBER, 1815.

DIED 18 JULY, 1881.

This brief paper may fitly close with two anecdotes, one characteristic of his hopefulness, the other of his Christian courtesy. Near the time of his sixtieth birthday he was on a Rhine steamer, when a little German boy, with whom he had made acquaintance, "with his usual love for children," says the friend who tells the story, asked him how old he was.

"Why," the boy exclaimed, as Dean Stanley told his age, "all your life is over!"

"No," was the reply, "the best time is yet to come."

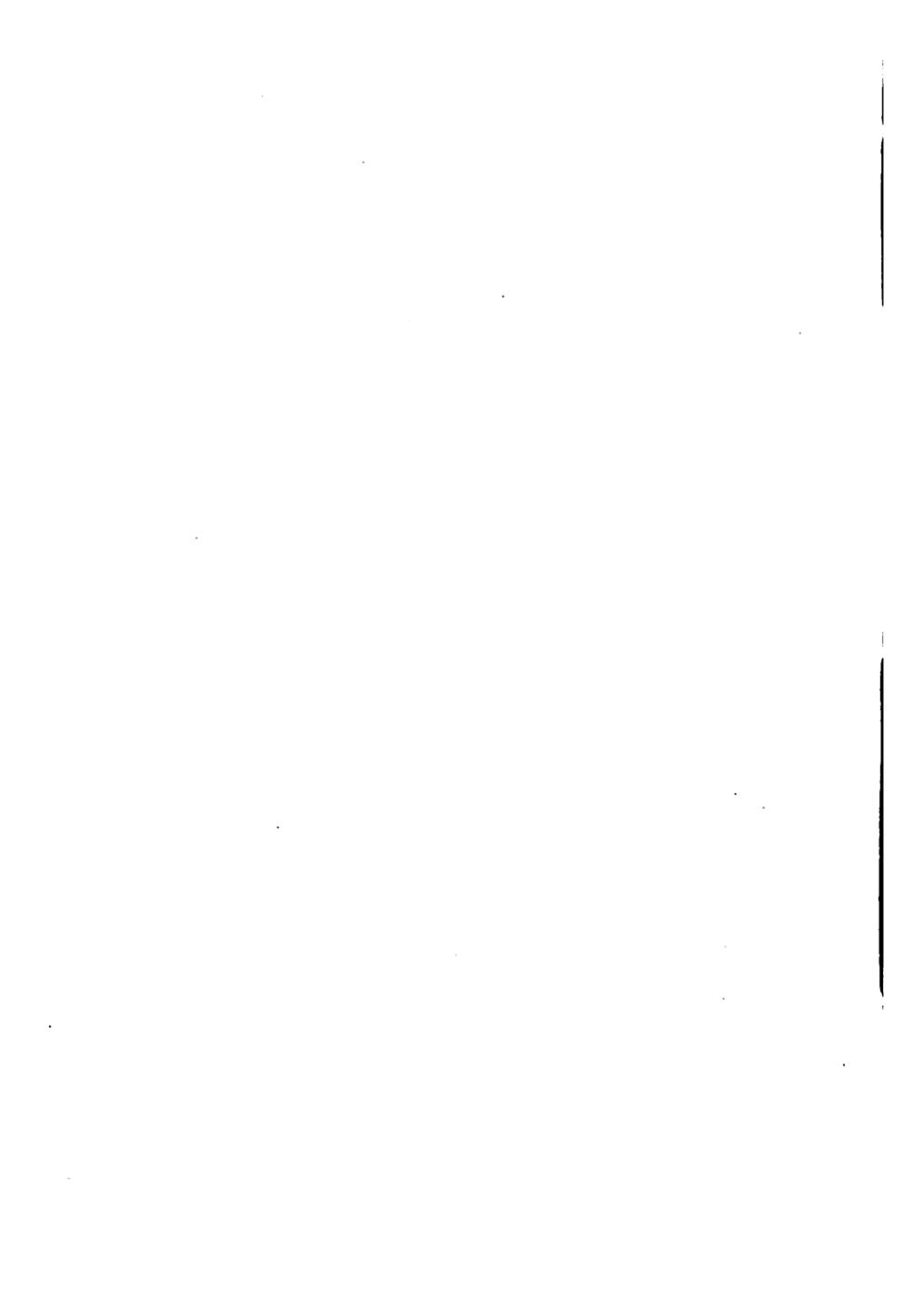
The other may be told in the words of Dean Bradley, his successor at Westminster: "At the meeting which was held to take steps to commemorate him in the Chapter House of Westminster, the archbishop of Canterbury told a touching story of a poor widow at Lambeth whose face brightened up on hearing his name. 'Frail and trembling,' she said, 'I was trying to make my way across Westminster bridge among the carriages, and afraid that I should be trodden down, when a man stepped up to me and gave me his help, and piloted me safely through the crowd. I asked him to whom I was indebted; he merely pointed to the great Abbey, "You know that place," he said; "I am its Dean.''"

And in the Abbey he now lies buried.

DEAN STANLEY'S SERMONS TO
CHILDREN.

WITH
INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER BY CANON FARRAR.

(From the Youth's Companion.)



DEAN STANLEY IN THE PULPIT.

I HAVE heard Dean Stanley speak on many occasions. Sometimes it was to a crowd of hostile and indignant ecclesiastics, with whom he was never a favorite, and among whom, even when he was in a minority of one, he always expressed his honest opinion — however unpalatable it might be — with a courage and faithfulness which were beyond all praise. I have heard him address charitable meetings and festal gatherings and little companies of the choir boys and their friends, and all sorts of other assemblies; yet I never heard him say a word which misbecame him.

He was never more delightful than at the annual supper of the voluntary evening choir

in the Jerusalem Chamber. There he always felt himself thoroughly at home, and talked and spoke and laughed with a vivacity which showed his own happiness, and spread among us all a contagious cheerfulness.

Doctor Stanley was not eloquent in the ordinary sense of the word. If any ordinary man had stood up and poured forth a series of vapid sentences

In one weak, washy, everlasting flood,

I dare say that some persons would have called such a speaker the better man.

But the Dean scarcely ever spoke without leaving to his hearers something of value to remember. He always found something good, or true, or interesting to say. His words were like a stream; deep with pathos and goodness, bright with the playful humor which was like sunshine playing over the surface. They have always reminded me of his own happy home:

For something that abode endued
With temple-like repose, an air
Of life's kind purposes pursued
With order'd freedom sweet and fair.
A tent pitched in a world not right
It seemed, whose inmates, every one
On tranquil faces bore the light
Of duties beautifully done.
And humbly, though they had few peers,
Kept their own laws, which seemed to be
The fair sum of six thousand years'
Traditions of civility.

Once when the Dean was asked what property he would tell his servants to save first if the Deanery were on fire, he said, "My sermons." The answer was natural, because he was constantly asked to preach wherever he went, and always accepted the request, if he felt at all able to do so, at whatever cost to himself.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF HIS SERMONS.

Obviously, however, he could not always be writing new sermons, and he was in the habit of preaching the same sermons over and over

again. It was this which made him so unequal a preacher. If the sermon which he was preaching was a new one, he delivered it with a force and energy which showed how much it interested him.

On the other hand, if it had been preached several times before, even if one had not heard it, it was always possible to detect from his manner that it had lost much of its interest for the preacher himself. There were certain subjects to which he constantly recurred. One of these was the wrestling of Jacob; another was the contrast between Jacob and Esau.

But though in latter years he only wrote new sermons if there was some special occasion for it, he constantly wrote new passages to his sermons; and these new passages, so far from being like a new piece on an old garment, were invariably united to the old material with consummate skill. In consequence of this, his manuscripts often assumed a perfectly chaotic aspect; some of them look as if two sermons

had been written in the same cover on the same text and amalgamated together, beginning and ending in different places, and with mysterious indications to the reader in red ink to show where one part came in and another was to be left out.

I have even heard him preach sermons which seemed to be a sort of mosaic of passages from other sermons, all tessellated together into one. When he took into the pulpit a sermon of this kind, he was very apt to lose his place, and then the effect of his sermon was spoiled, partly by want of animation in the delivery, and partly by his stopping to fumble over a number of loose sheets in order to find the one which he meant to read.

Yet even with these drawbacks, the worst and poorest sermon I have ever heard him preach was to me often better than the best sermons of other men—even of other men who are regarded as great orators. For sermons too often leave no impression whatever

on their hearers. They do not contain a single living fact or illustration by means of which we can grapple them to our souls as with hooks of steel.

HIS SERMONS TO CHILDREN, AND ON THE BEATITUDES.

But there was not one sermon ever preached by Dean Stanley which did not contain at least some one bright, and fresh, and rememberable thing. His metaphors, his anecdotes, the invariable felicity of his diction, his historical, literary and biographical illustrations, his invincible habit of taking men at their best and looking out for the good in everything, the large catholicity which rose above the mean squabbling of religious parties, the calm of spirit which seemed habitually to breathe in the atmosphere of whatsoever things are true, and pure, and lovely, and of good report, made him a preacher to whom I would rather listen than to any living man. His funeral sermons,

his sermons to children, and his sermons on great historical events, will all be published, and I have little doubt that he will be reckoned hereafter among the classic preachers of the English language.

The last sermons which he ever preached were those on the Beatitudes, and on his death-bed he evidently regarded it as a special blessing that these words of our Lord were among the last subjects on which his mind had dwelt.

The plan of preaching them had long occupied his thought. He was always meditating how he might add to the usefulness of the Abbey, and he thought that something might be done by brief sermonets on those opening sentences of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, especially if he connected them with the place by illustrating their truth and beauty, selecting his illustrations from the lives and deaths of those who lay buried around the listeners.

Whether he would have called these last sermons, or rather sermonets, successful or un

U. S. M.

successful, I cannot tell ; but God often arranges our successes and failures so entirely in his own way, that what may seem our poorest failure may be in reality our most unprecedented success, and what may seem our greatest success may be our worst failure. The sermons which were heard by so few were read, after the Dean's death, by hundreds of thousands ; and I venture to hope that few could have read them without profiting by the spirit in which they are written. He delivered them to a handful of listeners, and they became—almost immediately—the property of the world.

HIS LAST SERMON.

It was on Saturday, July 9, 1881, that I heard him preach his last sermon. I was Canon in Residence, and when I came into the Abbey he asked me why I had not left him to take the service, and employed my time in some other work with which my hands are full. I



told him I had come to hear his sermonet on the Beatitudes of the Merciful and Pure.

I thought him looking pale and white; but how little did either he or I anticipate that those would be the last words which he was ever destined to utter in public! Had this been foreseen, how would that vast Cathedral have been thronged by multitudes who would hardly have found standing-room! As it was, only a few score of persons were present, and those beautiful and pathetic paragraphs were spoken in a languid voice.

During the service he went out, and I could hardly guess what was the matter; but before the time for the sermon came he was back in his place. He told me afterwards that he had been taken violently sick.

This was the beginning of his illness; and it required all his characteristic chivalry to preach his sermon in spite of physical lassitude and pain. He began by speaking of the Beatitudes as intended severally to bring out

one particular quality; and he referred to the story of Lord Brougham, that he had once resolved not to attach any value to any day of his life on which he had not done some act of kindness. He said that though Lord Brougham had many faults, that single resolution, if sincerely carried out, implied much good in his long life.

Then, after touching upon the crimes of seduction and assassination as betraying an utter lack of mercy, and on the cruelties of the French Revolution and the Spanish Inquisition, he spoke very touchingly of kindness to all God's creatures, and of the good which has been done by Mr. Martin's act to put down cruelty to animals. As instances of mercy derived from the lives of those who were burned in the Abbey, he mentioned the exertion of Charles James Fox to put an end to the slave-trade; and of Charles Dickens to arouse attention to the sufferings of the poor.

The passing to the Beatitude of the pure

in heart, he said that the word "pure" might imply either chastity or sincere love of truth. As an example of the latter he instanced Sir Isaac Newton, of whom his friends said that he was "the whitest soul they had ever known." As an instance of "purity" in its most ordinary sense he mentioned Milton, referring to the exquisite lines about chastity in "Comus," and about married love in the "Paradise Lost."

He also spoke of the stainless pages of Addison, written in a corrupt age; of the innocent sweetness of Wordsworth, and of the error which fancied that such innocence cannot be allied to the most splendid genius. And then, speaking of the beatific vision promised in this Beatitude, he ended thus :

"Nothing presents so coarse and thick a veil as, on the one hand, a false, artificial, crooked way of looking at truth; and on the other hand, the indulgence of the brutal and of the impure passions which lower our sight; and nothing can so clear our better thoughts,

nothing leaves our minds so open to receive the impressions of what is good and noble, as the single eye and the upright conscience, which we may not perhaps be able to read ourselves, but which is an indispensable condition of having the doors of our mind kept open, and the channel of communication kept free between us and the supreme eternal Fountain of all purity and all goodness."

Those were the fitting words—words devoted to the inculcation of the cardinal virtues of Truth and Purity, by both of which he was so eminently distinguished—with which Dean Stanley closed the long, honored, and most useful life which he had spent in the fear of God and devoted to the service of man.

When he left the Abbey he took to his bed. On the Saturday week following, his illness took a dangerous turn; on Monday, July 18th, a little before midnight, he passed away. His tomb is in the Abbey.

THE CHILDREN'S PSALMS.

(PREACHED IN THE ABBEY, INNOCENTS' DAY, 1876.)

“Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength.” — Psalms viii. 2.

“Like as to arrows are in the hand of a giant, so are the young children.” — Psalms cxxvii. 4 (old version).

“Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?” — Psalms xv. 1.

WHEN, year by year, we see a congregation of children with their parents assembled, it is, or ought to be, a joy and comfort to those who feel the burden of life, the darkening shades of sorrow and the weight of care.

“Why is this?” Why is the sight of children a consolation?

Parents, perhaps, will understand best what I have to say at first, although I shall also have

to say something which children will understand for themselves. I have taken these verses from the three Psalms which are sung on occasion of these gatherings, to express what I mean.

I. The first is from the eighth Psalm. That is a Psalm which almost certainly was written by David. He wishes to unravel his thoughts, and to have a clear idea of God; and he finds it in two things—in the moon and the stars, which we see in the sky on a cloudless night, and which cause him to think of the order with which this great universe has been arranged; and in the bright faces and the blameless talk of little children. Little children give an idea of what man, who was born in the image of God, was meant to be. No doubt there are bad children—naughty children; and even in good children, there is something which may become very bad. Still, in children there is an innocence, a lightness of heart, an ignorance of evil, a joyousness, and a simplicity, which ought to be refreshing to every one. It



WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LOOKING TOWARD ALTAR.

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was this which made our Saviour so fond of them—taking them up in His arms and saying, "*Of such is the kingdom of heaven;*" and it is this which is well expressed by a good English poet who says, as he looks back regretfully to his childhood :

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound;
But felt through all this earthly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness:
Oh how I long to travel back,
And tread again the ancient track!

And this it is, also, which gives a soothing thought to any who have lost their darlings in infancy or in early childhood. Their lives were complete. They had shown us the glory of God in their dear little ways. They have gone to be with him. "We do not count by months or years where they have gone to dwell."

May I read to you the words of a great scholar and philosopher after the death of a

sweet daughter? Parents may take the words to themselves, and children may know from them what a comfort they may be for their parents if they have been good and gentle and diligent:

As soon as her last breath was gone I was able to thank God that He had taken my child into His arms, where she is safe forever from all the troubles and the sorrows of life. The first chapter of her existence has closed. Who knows what troubles might have been in store for her? But she was found worthy to enter the kingdom of heaven as a little child. Here we have toiled for many years and been troubled with many questionings, but what is the end of it all? We must learn to become simple again like little children. That is all we have a right to be; for this life was meant to be the childhood of our souls, and the more we try to be what we were meant to be, the better for us. Let us use the powers of our minds with the greatest freedom and love of truth; but let us never forget that we are as Newton said, "like children playing on the seashore while the great ocean of truth lies undiscovered before us.

II. But we must not, in thinking of children, think only of them in the past. We must think of their future; and here let us look at another Psalm, the hundred and twenty-seventh,

a psalm which some of the Jewish teachers long ago thought might have been written by the great King Solomon. At any rate it well expresses what a man of vast experience of human life might well have said. It tells us that we must console ourselves in the sorrows and troubles of the present time by thinking of what the children who stand around us may be in the time which is coming. They are like the arrows which a mighty archer can shoot far away into the distance and the darkness, and strike a target that we, perhaps, can hardly see, but which if these little arrows are winged with good thoughts and pointed with good resolves, and polished by a good training, they will surely reach. We may sometimes, as we look towards the immediate future of our country, think sadly, perhaps, how few there are of any great characters or glorious gifts to enlighten the close of this nineteenth century, as we and our fathers were enlightened by the great characters and the glorious gifts of

those who adorned its beginning. But our consolation may be that those who are the children of this generation shall grow up to fill this void, and to comfort those who are still unborn. Amongst the children who are present here, there must be many who will live to the twentieth century. Let them remember, when the first year of the next century shall dawn upon them, that they were called upon, as now in this Abbey, to take their part in rendering their country a great, a happy, and a Christian nation. Where we have failed, let them succeed; where we have succeeded, let them improve; where we have lost, let them recover. Happy is that country which has its quiver full of good, strong, active, honest, Christian children. She shall not be afraid when she speaks with her enemies in the gate. There is a long day before most of you. Make the most of it. Let us feel assured that when we pass away we have left our country, our religion, and our honor safe in your hands.

III. And this brings me to the third lesson which we may take from these psalms. The fifteenth Psalm is also almost certainly written by David. It was what he wrote, we may suppose, when he had conquered Jerusalem, and asked who was worthy to live in the holy city ; that is, what are the characters that God loves and wishes to be with him? There is no difficulty in understanding what David says in the verses which follow the first ; and when people talk of the difficulty of teaching religion to children, let them remember these different verses of the fifteenth Psalm. They will find how very easily they can be learned and how very easily they can be applied.

I will try to apply them now ; and so I turn to you, my children, and having told you how much we and your country expect from you, I will tell you who it is that shall be thought worthy of the house of God and His Holy Hill, and I will ask those who are parents and friends, or who have any influ-

ence over any of these children, to try to make a good atmosphere round about them, so that these conditions may become possible and easy for them. What, then, is it that we may recommend to all children if they would wish to please their parents, to please God, and to go to heaven?

Love honest work.

Love to get knowledge.

Never forget to say your prayers morning and evening, never be ashamed to say them. It will help you to be good all through the day.

Always keep your promises.

Do not pick up foolish and dirty stories.

Never, never tell a lie.

Never strike, or hurt, or be rude to a woman or a girl, or to any one weaker or younger than yourselves.

Be ready even to risk your own lives to save a friend, or a companion, or a brother, or a sister.

Be very kind to poor dumb animals. Never put them to pain. They are God's creatures as well as you; and if you hurt them you will become brutal and base yourselves.

Remember always to be gentle and attentive to older people. Listen, and do not interrupt when they are talking. If you have an old father or grandfather, or a sick uncle or aunt, remember not to disturb them by loud talking or rough speaking. Be careful and tender to them. You cannot think what good it does them. And if it should happen that any amongst you should have poor fathers or poor mothers who have to get up early in order to go about their business, and to earn their bread and your bread, remember what a pleasure it will be to them to find that their little boy or their little girl has been out of bed before them on a cold winter morning, and lighted a bright blazing fire so as to give them a warm cup of tea. Think what pleasure it will be to them if they are sick, or if they are deaf, or

if they are blind, to find a little boy or a little girl to speak to them, to read to them, and to lead them about. But there is not only the comfort which is experienced in being thus helped; there is the still greater comfort of knowing that they have a good little son or a good little daughter who is anxious to assist them, and who, they feel sure, will be a joy, and not a trouble to them, by day and by night. No Christmas present can be so welcome to any father or mother as the belief that their children are growing up truthful, manly, courageous, courteous, unselfish, religious.

And do not think that any of these things are too much for any of you. I know that many of you have great temptations. Perhaps you may have homes where it is very difficult to be tidy and clean. Perhaps, as you go to school along the streets, there may be wicked people who endeavor to lead you astray, and who try to make you steal and use bad words. Yet I am sure that if you do your best, you

will find such delight in so doing your duty that you will go on in what is good. Let the good frighten the bad; let the light drive away the darkness; let the whole world know that there are little English boys and girls who are determined to do their duty whatever befalls them. Some of you may remember that last year I spoke of the gallant boys who behaved so well on board the *Goliath* ship, when it was on fire. Well, these same boys have just begun their training over again. It was only on Tuesday last that they got on board their new ship, the *Exmouth*; and they are working for their country once more. God bless and prosper them, and may they still be examples to all of us.*

*The *Exmouth* is a training ship whereon are placed destitute boys to be trained for the naval and merchant service. Sixty-five of these boys having volunteered to be trained under the St. John Ambulance Association were recently inspected by Doctor Matthew Coates, Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, R. N. He found them apt in the use of splints, bandages, tourniquets, etc., and in using the means required in rendering first aid to the injured. Says Doctor Coates: "The surgeon in the cock-pit of a ship in action, the surgeon on a battle-field, or the civil surgeon in a railway smash, would find a ready and useful assistant in any one of these boys who presented themselves for examination. . . . I have much pleasure in recommending that certificates should be awarded to the sixty-five boys."—*Ed.*

It was only the other day also, that I heard of a brave, modest little boy—Hammond Parker was his name—who was only just fourteen years of age, but who had saved, at different times, the lives of no fewer than four other boys by plunging into the rough sea after them on the coast of Norfolk. Now, that shows what you may all do—not, perhaps, by plunging into the stormy sea, but, at any rate, by saving little brothers or little sisters from going wrong. You can do far more for them than, perhaps, any one else, because you are always with them. Stand by them; protect them; stand by each other, and then the foolish, wicked and cruel people who want to mislead you will very soon run away. Bad people are almost always afraid of good people, even though the good are much fewer—even, indeed, though the good may be only a little child.

I knew once a very famous man (it was Adam Sedgwick) who lived to be eighty-eight

ON BOARD THE EXMOUTH.



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years old, and who was the delight of every one about him. He always stood up for what was right. His eye was like the eagle's when it flashed fire against what was wrong. And how early do you think he began to do this? I have an old grammar which belonged to him, all tattered and torn, which he had when he was a little boy at school; and what do I find written in his own hand on the first page of it? I find these words:

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues.

Be just, and fear not.

That was his rule all through life, and he was loved and honored down to the day when he was borne to his grave. Be just, be good, and fear not. Let that be your rule; and God and Jesus Christ will be with you now and always.

SICK CHILDREN.

PREACHED IN THE ABBEY, INNOCENTS' DAY, 1877.

"Is it well with the child? . . . it is well."—2 Kings iv. 26.

I HAVE usually spoken to you on this day of the life and happiness of children. I wish to speak to you this evening of the sufferings and sorrows of children, and concerning children—or rather, I will say, of the happiness which out of their sufferings and sorrows God intends to bring us.

First let me speak of the death of children. It is one of the chief thoughts placed before us by the Festival of Innocents—the Holy Innocents, as they are called. We know nothing about those little children of Bethlehem, except that they died. What is the good which can be brought to any of us, old or

young, by the death of those dear little ones, who have been lent to us for so short a time that we seem to have lost them almost before we have time to know them? "Is it well with the child?" said Elisha to the mother of the little boy whom he had known from his birth. The little boy was dead—but the poor mother was still able to say, "It is well."

Yes, there are several ways in which even in this hard trial we may say, "It is well," "It is well," because in God's sight all that happens is well, if only we use it rightly "It is well," because the child that dies in its innocence is taken, if any human creature is, to the presence of God and Jesus Christ. He himself has told us that the characters of little children are the likeness of the characters in heaven. When we think of heaven we think of them. "It is well," because it makes or ought to make on our hearts an impression which, perhaps, nothing else can make. Even

a hard-hearted man, when his child dies, or his little brother dies, is deeply moved. He thinks that he might have been more kind whilst they lived. He looks at the little vacant chair and his eyes fill with tears.

And we are comforted by thinking of them.

I have heard of a little child dying with such bright and beautiful visions before him that his countenance was quite transfigured and glowed as with heavenly colors, and his parents, as they looked at him, were more than consoled. They went away strengthened in their faith and hopeful in their good deeds.

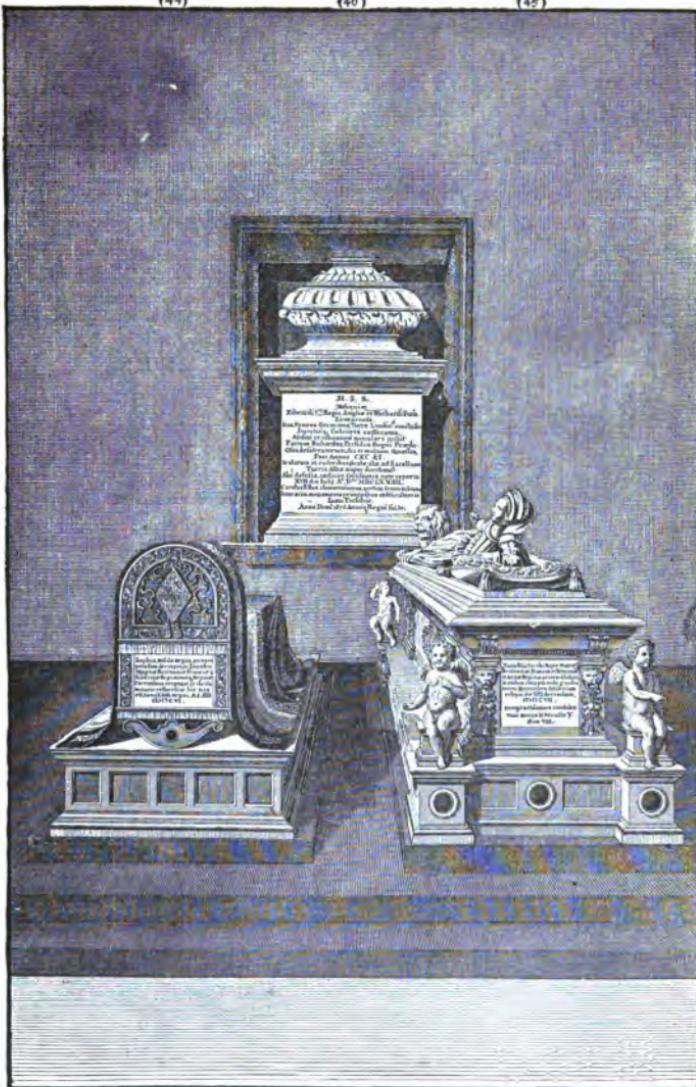
This Abbey is full of the remembrances of great men and famous women. But it is also full of the remembrances of little boys and girls whose death shot a pang through the hearts of those who loved them, and who wished that they never should be forgotten.

Almost the earliest royal monument in this Abbey is of a beautiful little deaf and dumb girl of five years old — the Princess Catherine,

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THE CRADLE TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

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daughter of King Henry the Third, who loved her dearly. She was not forgotten, and her two little brothers, and perhaps four little nephews, were buried close to her as if to keep her company. And so there are two small tombs in Henry the Seventh's chapel of the two infant daughters of King James the First. Over one of them are some touching lines written by an American lady, which all mothers should read.*

* The little daughter of James I. named Sophia, who lies in the Cradle Tomb, died at Greenwich in 1606. Hers was a brief life of one day. The other daughter was two and a half years old. She died in 1607, and was, her father says, a "most beautiful infant." While dying she kept saying, "I go—I go! Away I go!" She is sculptured on her tomb, half rising, leaning upon her elbow. The following lines were written by Susan Coolidge and originally published in *Scribner's Monthly*. At the request of Lady Augusta Stanley they were copied and placed upon the Cradle Tomb.—*Ed.*

THE CRADLE TOMB.

A little rudely sculptured bed,
With shadowy folds of marble lace,
And quilt of marble primly spread
And folded round a baby's face.

Smoothly the mimic coverlet,
With royal blazonries bedight,
Hangs, as by tender fingers set
And straightened for the last good-night.

And traced upon the pillowing stone
A dent is seen, as if to bless
That quiet sleep some grieving one
Had leaned and left a soft impress.

And to these tombs of these two little girls
 were brought in after days by their nephew,
 Charles the Second, the bones of the two
 young murdered princes, which in his time
 were discovered at the foot of the staircase in
 the Tower.

And there is in the chapel of St. Michael
 another tomb of a little child that died from
 a mistake of its nurse ; and we know from her
 will that she never ceased to lament the little
 darling, and begged, if possible, very urgently
 to be buried beside it. And there is a monu-
 ment in the cloisters which contains only these

It seems no more than yesterday
 Since the sad mother down the stair
 And down the long aisle stole away
 And left her darling sleeping there.

But dust upon the cradle lies ;
 And those who prized the baby so
 And decked her couch with heavy sighs
 Were turned to dust long years ago.

Above the peaceful pillow'd head
 Three centuries brood ; and strangers peep
 And wonder at the carven bed : —
 But not unwept the baby's sleep.

For wistful mother-eyes are blurred
 With sudden mists, as lingerers stay,
 And the old dusts are roused and stirred
 By the warm tear-drops of to-day.

words, "Jane Lister—dear child," with the date of the child's age and the record of her brother's death. It is an inscription which goes to the heart of every one. It was in the year 1688, just a month before the great English Revolution, but the parents thought only of—

"Jane Lister,"—their "dear child."

Do not forget the dead children. They were not forgotten in Westminster Abbey—they ought never to be forgotten elsewhere. Mothers, parents, who, like Rachael, mourn for some dear daughter or son, think that they are still yours to animate and urge you forwards. That was a true answer which the little girl made

Soft furtive hands caress the stone,
And hearts, o'erleaping place and age,
Melt into memories, and own
A thrill of common parentage.

Men die, but sorrow never dies;
The crowding years divide in vain,
And the wide world is knit with ties
Of common brotherhood in pain,

Of common share in grief and loss,
And heritage in the immortal bloom
Of Love, which, flowering round its cross,
Made beautiful a baby's tomb.

to the poet Wordsworth, who asked how many they were —

“Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“How many are you, then?” said I,
“If those two are in heaven?”
The little maiden made reply,
“O Master! we are seven.”

And there is another beautiful poem by the father of three sons; two were living, but the third was dead.* Of him he thus speaks:—

I have a son—a third sweet son, whose age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by months and years where he has
gone to dwell.

I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph
brow.

But I know, for God doth tell me this, that now he is at
rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Savior’s loving breast.
Whate’er befall his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and care, but his is perfect
peace.

* Moultrie’s poem on “The Three Sons.”

But I would not speak only of dead children. I will speak of sick children, of children who have some illness or infirmity, crippled, or weak, or ailing, like some of those who are here to-day from the Royal Infirmary for children.

“Is it well” with those suffering little ones? Yes, “it is well,” for them and for us, if we take the sickness as it is intended by our Heavenly Father.

There is a beautiful picture, by the famous painter Holbein, of a family who are praying, or perhaps giving thanks, for the recovery of their sick child—and the prayer is supposed to be granted by the appearance of the child Jesus in the midst of the family, happy and strong, whilst the poor sickly child is represented as in the arms of the Virgin Mother, taken as her own. That is a likeness to us of what we ought to hope for in the case of our sick and ailing children. The sickness may perhaps continue, but it may be under the protection of our good Father, and nursed

as it were for Himself ; and amongst us the child, which will grow up amidst suffering and weakness, is like the spirit of the holy child Jesus, happy and strong, and pure and good.

Sickness and illness may make a child fretful and selfish, and the people about a sick child may spoil it by giving up everything to it, and encouraging it to ask for everything. But it may also teach a child to be patient and considerate and grateful for all the care it gets ; and then, instead of being a source of sorrow and vexation in the household, it becomes a source of instruction and comfort to all.

I will try to make this clear to you from several examples. One is taken from a story : it is one which some of you may have read, called *The Heir of Redclyffe*. In that story is described a sickly boy called Charles. He is at the beginning of the story, like one of those fretful, peevish invalids of whom I spoke just now — speaking sharply and crossly to every

one, and making every one's will bend to his. But in the course of the story there comes into the house another boy full of health and life, but also full of generosity and kindness, and the sickly, selfish boy turns over a new leaf — his character is transformed as the story goes on. He still remains a suffering cripple, but he becomes the stay and support of the house; instead of always demanding comfort from them, he, in all the troubles of the family, gives comfort to all the others.

This is from a story, an imaginary tale of what might happen. Now I will tell you of what has happened. It is a contrast between two boys in Scotland, to which my attention was called some time ago by an excellent Scottish judge, now dead. They were boys who both became famous in after life, and many of you have heard of their names. One was Lord Byron, the other was Sir Walter Scott. Well, both these boys had the same kind of misfortune. Both Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott,

from their earliest years, were lame. Each of them had what is called a club foot, or something like it. But now what was the different effect produced by this lame foot on the two boys? Lord Byron, who was a perverse, selfish boy, was made by this club foot discontented and angry with every one about him. It went like iron into his soul. It poisoned his heart. It set him against all mankind, and it injured his whole character. He had a splendid genius; but amidst many fine qualities it was a genius blackened and discolored by hatred, malice, uncharitableness, and the deepest gloom. Walter Scott, on the other hand, never lost his cheerfulness. His lame foot made him turn to the reading of good old books, and to the enjoyment of the beautiful sights and sounds about him, and he too grew to be a great poet and the writer of stories which will live in every age and in every country. But in him the lameness which he had borne patiently and cheerfully in childhood never interfered with his kindli-

ness and his good humor to those about him. He was a delight to all that came across him, and even when he was at last overtaken by heavier misfortunes, he never lost his loving, generous disposition. The lameness which in Byron led to what St. Paul calls a savour of death unto death, became in Walter Scott a savour of life unto life.

This, then, is the lesson which I would wish to teach to all children who are sickly and suffering, or who may become sickly and suffering: Do not think that you are without an object—do not think that you cannot be useful—do not think that everything has gone against you. No. It is well with you; you can be most useful—you can be *the* useful child; and when you grow up you can be *the* useful man or *the* useful woman in the home. You can arrange plans of amusement for the others who are too busy to arrange it for themselves. You can show by your constant cheerfulness that happiness does not depend

on the good things which you eat, or on the active games which you play, but on a contented, joyful heart. You can make them feel that there is a better world above, where you hope to be, and where you may be almost now, because your thoughts are with God and with Jesus Christ.

And you children who are strong and healthy, remember that to you this little sick brother or little sick sister is a blessing that God has given you. *It is well* for you to have them. They may not be able to share in your games — you will often be obliged to be quiet in their sick rooms, or when they come amongst you. But that is good for you, because it makes you see very early the joy, the happiness, the usefulness of having some one weaker than yourselves when you are put out — some one in pain or suffering to whom you can minister like a ministering angel. Do not be hasty or angry with a deaf brother, or I may say a deaf mother or aunt, because they cannot hear you;



THE URN CONTAINING THE BONES OF THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

20 20 20

or a blind sister, or I may say a blind father or uncle, because they cannot see; or with a lame or deformed brother, or cousin, or companion, because they cannot take an active part in your amusements. No. They cannot do this; but they can do much better than this for you—because they make you feel for deafness and blindness and lameness everywhere. When you have seen it in those you love, you will be reminded of it in those you do not love.

And if you have had any of these misfortunes yourselves, and have grown out of them, the recollection of what you have suffered may make you of much use to others. There is a distinguished man, very high in rank, and of absolutely indispensable value in the public service of his Church and country, who when a little boy was very lame. He recovered, but he never lost his fellow-feeling for lame people; and once, when we were talking together, I remember that he gave some money to a

poor lame man, who opened the gate for us, and he told me that he always did so, in remembrance of his own lameness.

Learn to be tender to your suffering brothers or sisters. You who are sick or weakly, always keep up that fellow-feeling. It will make your weakness, or illness, a blessing and not a curse. You who are well and have sick friends, you also try to keep up that fellow-feeling. In the story of Elisha and the sick child, we are told that when he hoped to restore the child to health "he went up and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon the child's mouth, and his eyes upon the child's eyes, and his hands upon the child's hands; and he stretched himself upon the child," and the flesh of the child waxed warm. This is a likeness of the sympathy which all in health, whether old or young, should try to have for those who are in pain or deformity. We give life and happiness to the sick by giving them, as it were, a taste of our life and happiness; our words

are words to them, our eyes are eyes to them, our hands are hands to them. There were some sailors who were stranded on a desert rock on a freezing night. There was one little midshipman amongst them; they put their clothes upon him, they covered him up. They all were found dead in the morning, but, if I remember right, the little boy, through their kindness, survived — their warmth had saved him, they died that he might live. And so, even without such great effort, we should try to put ourselves in the place of our sick and suffering companions. We should try to feel for them, as we should wish them to feel for us — to tell them of the happy and beautiful things of the outside world — to make them understand that they are not forgotten — to show them what is the sphere in which they can be useful.

It is for this reason that hospitals for sick children are much to be encouraged. In old barbarous heathen times the life of a sick or

deformed child was not thought worth possessing. The sickly children were thrown on the road as not worth saving. But they *are* worth saving ; they may be the saving of those about them. One of the first great changes that was made by Christianity was that those sick children left to perish were adopted by kind men and women, who brought them up as their own. And so not only in hospitals, but in every family where there is a sick child, remember that it is your duty, your privilege, to look after such. If you are kind to them God will be kind to you. They are your special charges ; they are the good things committed by God to us for our keeping. They are our earliest and best teachers in the good way. Whoever does anything for them does it to the good God and merciful Saviour, who entrusted them to us, and we shall not lose our reward. *It will be well* for the children, and *it will be well* for us.

ST. CHRISTOPHER.

(PREACHED IN THE ABBEY, INNOCENTS' DAY, 1878.)

As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are the children of the youth.—Psalms cxxvii. 4.

THERE is an old story, a kind of Sunday fairy tale, which you may sometimes have seen represented in pictures and statues in ancient churches (there are two sculptures of it in King Henry the Seventh's Chapel in this church) of a great heathen giant who wished to find out some master that he should think worthy of his service — some one stronger than himself. He went about the world, but could find no one stronger. And besides this, he was anxious to pray to God, but did not know how to do it. At last he met with a good old man by the side of a

deep river where poor wayfaring people wanted to get across and had no one to help them. And the good old man said to the giant,



ST. CHRISTOPHER. (*By Albert Durer.*)

“Here is a place where you can be of some use, and if you do not know how to pray, you will at any rate know how to work, and

perhaps God will give you what you ask, and perhaps also you will at last find a master stronger than you."

So the giant went and sat by the riverside, and many a time he carried poor wayfarers across. One night he heard a little child crying to be carried over; so he put the child on his shoulder and strode across the stream. Presently the wind blew, the rain fell, and as the river beat against his knees he felt the weight of the little child almost greater than he could bear and he looked up with his great, patient eyes (there is a beautiful picture in a beautiful palace at Venice, where we see him with his face turned upwards as he tries to steady himself in the raging waters), and he saw that it was a child glorious and shining, and the child said, "Thou art laboring under this heavy burden because thou art carrying one who bears the sins of all the world."

And then, as the story goes on, the giant

felt that it was the Child Jesus, and when he reached the other side of the river he fell down before Him. Now he had found some one stronger than he was, some one so good, so worthy of loving, as to be a master whom he could serve.

In later days the thought of the giant Christopher (the bearer of the Child Christ) was so dear to men, that his picture was often painted very large in the churches, so that those who saw it far off should have a pleasant and holy remembrance through the day which would serve them from running into evil.* But we all may learn two useful lessons, which may keep us from evil and lead us into good.

The first lesson is that often, when we know not how to believe or how to pray, we

* St. Christopher is said to have supplied himself with a suitable staff to assist him in crossing the river by pulling up a palm-tree. In some old pictures he is represented as carrying a palm-tree for a staff with the branches and fruit still on. But Albert Dürer in his picture has given him simply a plain staff. On the bank of the stream may be seen the hermit, holding a torch to light St. Christopher on his way. — Ed.

at any rate know how to work for the good of others, and then God accepts this as if it were prayer. There is an old Latin saying, *Laborare est orare* — or, if we were to turn it into English, we should say,

Good working and good playing
Is almost like good praying.

Or, as some one else has said,

He prayeth well
Who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

We ought all of us to say our prayers; they will help us to do what is good; but we must also all remember that our prayers are no use unless we strive, both in our work and in our play,

To live more nearly as we pray.

That is one lesson which we may carry with us from the story of St. Christopher,

and this applies to all, whether grown-up people or children. Pray and work, work and pray, do as much good as you can, and God will reward and receive you at last.

But there is another lesson which more especially applies to the sight of a congregation of children with their parents and friends. The Child Jesus who, according to the story, was carried on the shoulders of the giant, was the type and likeness of all children. That is one reason why we think so much of Christmas; why Christmas is so much more loved than Easter or Whitsuntide. It is because we feel that even the birth and the childhood of our Lord contained the promise of His manhood, because we have our hearts drawn towards the tender, innocent child who, when he grew up, suffered so much and endured so much for the good of mankind. And that may be the case, more or less, with all children, that is why our Saviour looked upon them with such confidence, such rever-

ence, and such affection. "*Of such,*" He said, "*is the kingdom of heaven.*" Of such and out of such characters as were wrapped up in the little beings which He saw before him, and which we now see before us, is the hope of the coming time. You who are the parents, you who are responsible for the training of these children, you bear upon your shoulders a burden like that which the giant of the old story carried; you bear a burden greater, perhaps, than you know how to bear—a burden of forming their characters; the burden, perchance, of the destinies of the coming age. Rejoice in them, and while remembering how heavy is the responsibility which presses upon you, be encouraged to carry your little burdens safely over the great river of life, which is also the great river of death. Remember also that as St. Christopher in the old story was saved by carrying the child, so we may be saved by the children carrying us; they may help by their innocence and truthfulness to

teach us now and to help us hereafter; they may be as that little child which Elisha cured, who it was supposed afterwards grew to be the great prophet Jonah; or that other little child in the Gospel, who, as the early Christians believed, grew to be the great Christian martyr Ignatius.

But as the children are the burden, the quiver on our shoulders, so they are as the text says, "*Like as the arrows in the hands of the giant,*" like the arrows which a mighty archer shoots into the darkness, piercing hearts which are far away. These children if rightly trained and rightly nurtured, may indeed be blessings far away; nay, more, they may be blessings even while they are yet children. Let me give you one simple instance. It is a story, not like that old fairy story with which I began this sermon, but a story of our own time—I found it in a sermon by a powerful preacher in one of the strange cities of North America—but describing what happened in our country on

a cold winter day like those which we have just had. Listen to it, parents; listen to it, dear children, for if you have understood nothing else of what I have said you will understand this:

Not long ago, in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of an hotel one very cold day, when a little boy with a poor thin blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said, "Please, sir, buy some matches."

"No, I don't want any," the gentleman said.

"But they are only a penny a box," the poor little fellow pleaded.

"Yes, but you see we don't want a box," the gentleman said again.

"Then I will gie ye twa boxes for a penny," the boy said at last; "and so to get rid of him" (the gentleman who tells the story says), "I bought a box; but then I found I had

no change, so I said, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.' 'Oh, do buy them to-night, if you please,' the boy pleaded again; 'I will run and get ye the change, for I am verra hungry.' So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; still, there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him. Late in the evening I was told that a little boy wanted to see me; when he was brought in I found it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling, but if possible still more ragged and poor and thin. He stood a moment, diving into his rags as if he were seeking something, and then said, 'Are you the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?' 'Yes.' 'Well, then, here's fourpence out o' yer shilling; Sandie cannot come; he's very ill; a cart ran over him and knocked him down, and he lost his bonnet and his matches and your sevenpence, and both his legs are

broken, and the doctor says he'll die ; and that's a.' And then, putting the fourpence on the table, the poor child broke down into great sobs. So I fed the little man, and I went with him to see Sandie. I found that the two little things



CHAPEL OF HENRY THE SEVENTH. WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

lived almost alone, their father and mother being dead. Poor Sandie was lying on a bundle of shavings ; he knew me as soon as I came in, and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back, and then the horse knocked me

down, and both my legs were broken ; and, oh, Reuby! little Reuby! I am sure I am dying, and who will take care of you when I am gone? What will ye do, Reuby?' Then I took his hand, and said I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look up to me as if to thank me; the light went out of his blue eyes. In a moment,

He lay within the light of God,
Like a babe upon the breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

That story is like an arrow in the hand of a giant. It ought to pierce many a heart, old and young. Whenever, dear children, you are tempted to say what is not true, or to be hard on other little boys and girls, or to take what you ought not to take, we want you to remember little Sandie. This poor little boy, lying on a bundle of shavings, dying

and starving, was tender, and trusty, and true, and so God told the gentleman to take poor little friendless Reuben, and be a friend to him, and Sandie heard him say he would do it—the last thing he ever did hear; and then the dark room, the bundle of shavings, the weary, broken little limbs, all faded away, and Sandie was among the angels, who could look at him in his new home, and say one to another: "That is the little boy who kept his word, and sent back fourpence; that is the little boy who was tender, and trusty, and true, when he was hungry and faint, and when both his legs were broken, and he lay dying."

This story is told you now because whether it be hard or easy, we want you to be tender, and trusty, and true as poor little Sandie, who did not forget his promise and who loved his little brother to the end.

THE CHILDREN'S CREED.

(PREACHED IN THE ABBEY ON THE EVE OF INNOCENTS' DAY, ST. JOHN'S DAY, 1879.)

I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth.—3 John, 4.

AS once before, so now, we have brought you together on St. John's Day, because Innocents' Day falls on a Sunday. Those words which I have read from St. John well express what all of us ought to feel—"We have no greater joy than that our children, than that the rising generation, should walk in truth." And I have, therefore, thought it useful to set forth what are the religious truths which we should try to teach our children, and which our children should try to learn. Some of what I say will chiefly be addressed

to parents and friends; some of what I say will be chiefly addressed to children. But most will find—some in one part, some in another—something to instruct them.

There are two points to be mentioned at the outset which might seem difficult to reconcile, but which, in fact, wonderfully agree, and are a support to each other. On the one hand, what we teach to children should be truths which will stand the wear and tear of time as they grow up. "Solomon says, *Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.*" That is very true, but in order that he should not when he is old depart from it, it must be a way which, when he is old, he will find to be as good for him as it was when he was young. On the other hand we must try to teach a child what he will understand, in the simplest and not in the hardest words, in the words which sink deepest into his soul and lay most hold on his heart. This, perhaps, we might think,

cannot be the truth in which the child will feel most delight when it grows older. Not perhaps in the very same forms; but we may be sure, and our Saviour himself has told us that the instruction which is most suitable for a little child is also the most suitable for the oldest and wisest of men.

I.—What, then, shall we teach our children to believe which when they grow up they may find that later experience does not require them to alter?

(1.) We must teach them that beyond what they feel and see and touch there is something better and greater which they can neither feel nor see nor touch. Goodness, kindness to one another, unselfishness, fairness and uprightness — these are the best things in all the world. It is true that goodness and kindness have no faces that we can kiss — no hands that we can clasp; but these are certainly close to us, both in the midst of our work and our play. And this goodness and kind-

ness which, except in outward acts, we cannot see, is something which existed before we were born. It is from this that we have all the pleasant things of this world—the flowers, the sunshine, the moonlight—all these were given us by some great kindness and goodness which we have never seen at all. And this Goodness and Love are the Great Power out of which all things come, which we call by the name of God. And because God is so much above us and so good to us we call him by the name which is most dear to us. When a father goes away from home, still his children know that he is somewhere, though they cannot see him, and they know what to do in order to please him. So it is with the great unseen Father of us all. Let us then teach our children that God is Goodness and Justice; that the rules which He has laid down for the government of the world are His will and wish for us; even frost and cold, even sickness and pain, are for our good, and we must

trust that He has some good reason for it, perhaps to make us strong and brave and healthy. It is for this reason that you see in the Abbey, on the monument of Sir John Franklin, who was so long shut up in the ice, the words :

*O ye Frost and Cold; O ye Ice and Snow;
bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify His
name forever.*

This, then, in various ways, is our way of expressing our belief in our Father in Heaven.

(2.) But this highest kindness and fairness are like what we have seen and heard of in the world. Children can see it in their good parents, their good uncles and aunts, their good brothers and sisters; and as they grow older, they will find that there have always been good people, and they will hear that there was once one Child, one Man, so good to all about Him, so good to little children, that He has shown us better than any one else what is the true likeness of that unseen Goodness

which we call God, and which we still hope to know in heaven. Children should be taught what Jesus Christ did and said when he went about doing good, and should be made to understand that only so far as we are like to Jesus Christ, or like what Jesus Christ taught when He was in the world, that we can be His friends or followers. He was good and He went through all sorts of trouble and pain even to His death on the Cross for no other reason but to make us good. This will help us to understand why He is called the Son of God, the Saviour of Men.

(3.) And children should learn to know that there is in the heart of every one of us something which tells us when we have done right or wrong, which makes the color come into our cheeks when we have said what is not true, which we must treat with honor both in ourselves and others. What is this? There are many names by which you will hear it called in after life, but there is one

name which we speak of almost in a whisper because we do not like to think or speak of it as if it were a common thing. We call it "the voice of God," the invisible Power all around, which also is within us—the "Breath" or the "Spirit of God," which we cannot see any more than we can see our own breath or spirit—and because it is so good we call it "The Holy Spirit of God." And from this "Breath or Spirit of God" comes all the Good not only in ourselves but in other people; and children cannot learn too early to admire and love all that is admirable and lovable in the men, women, and children that they see around them. They may, perhaps, also be able to learn the great lesson that there are things to be admired and loved in people they do not like, in people that hurt and annoy them, or even in those whom they ought to avoid. And if, as sometimes happens, children are brought up in other countries where they do not see the people always go

to the same church, or utter the same prayers, as they and their parents, they may learn thus early a lesson which they never will forget, namely, that our Heavenly Father has those who serve Him, and do good in many ways, but still in and by the same Good Spirit.

II.—These are the chief things which we ought to learn from our Catechism as to what the young should *believe*. And now, what must we teach them as to what they should *do*? St. John when he was a very old man, so old that he could not walk, and could hardly speak, used to be carried in the arms of his friends into the midst of the assembly of Christians, and then he would lift himself up and say, "*Little children, love one another;*" and again, "*Little children, love one another;*" and again, "*Little children, love one another.*"

When asked, "Have you nothing else to tell us?" he replied, "I say this over and over again, because if you do this there is nothing more needed."

Now, that is something like what I would say to you. What you have to be told to do is very simple. It is that you should be kind and loving to one another, for then you will be loving towards God, because you will be doing that which He most desires. Try not to vex or tease your smaller brothers or sisters; try to help them when they are in difficulty; do not be jealous of them; do not tell stories against them; above all, do not lead them into mischief, because the worst harm you can do to a young child is to tempt him to do what is wrong. If he once begins you cannot stop him, and many years afterwards he will remember with bitter grief and indignation that you were the first to lead him astray into evil ways. A lie that is told, a deceit that is practised, a bad word that is heard, a bad act that is lightly spoken of, often enters into the mind of a young child, and remains there all his life. There is a proverb which says, "Little pitchers have long ears,"

and it means that little children often hear more than you think they hear, and keep in their memory things which you think they must have forgotten. It is the same, in other words, as a Latin proverb which those boys who understand Latin will translate for themselves—*maxima debetur pueris reverentia*.

The greatest reverence, the greatest fear, should restrain us from doing anything by false, or vulgar, or foolish words to spoil the conscience, or the taste, or the character of a little boy. You know what you mean by a spoiled picture, or a spoiled book—the colors are slurred, the leaves are rumpled. That is what we mean by a child whose character is spoiled or stained by the foolish indulgence or neglect of those about him. Parents, try not to spoil your children. Children, try not to spoil one another, and take care not to be spoiled yourselves. That is one of the most important ways of fulfilling St. John's Precept, "Little children, love—do not spoil—one another."

And there is another part of this precept which children should be taught: it is that love and kindness include not only our brothers and sisters and relatives, but also poor people who are in suffering or want; and not only these, but also the poor dumb creatures that depend upon us. Never be rude to any poor man or woman because they are in rags, or because they look and talk differently from ourselves. Never be cruel to any dog or cat, or bird. There was once a very cruel Roman Emperor—cruel to men, women, and children—who, when he was a little boy, used to amuse himself by tormenting flies. Perhaps if he had been stopped then he would not have had his heart hardened against his fellow men.

III.—And, now, how are you to be strengthened to believe and to do these things? There are many ways; I will mention two.

By reading good books and by learning good prayers.

(1.) Good books. First of all, the best parts of the Bible ; for even in the best of all books, the Bible, there are some parts more useful, more easy, more likely to stand the trials of time than others. Learn these, teach these, and you will then find that the more difficult parts will not perplex those who in their early childhood have had a firm grasp of those parts of which the truth and beauty belong not to the vesture that is folded up and vanisheth away, but to the wisdom and grace which endure forever. And of other good books, let the stories of the good and great men of our own or former times be fixed in our remembrance. How many such stories there are which, as Sir Philip Sydney said of Chevy Chase, stir our souls and spirits as with a trumpet ! How many are there which will make our blood boil against the evil doer, or our hearts beat with admiration for generous and noble deeds ! There was a famous French soldier of bygone days whose name you will see written in this

Abbey on the gravestone of Sir James Outram, because in many ways he was like Bayard.* Bayard was a small boy, only thirteen, when he went into his first service, and his mother told him to remember three things: "First, to fear and love God; secondly, to have gentle and courteous manners to those above him; and thirdly, to be generous and charitable, without pride or haughtiness, to those beneath him;" and these three things he never forgot, which helped to make him the soldier "without fear, and without reproach." These are the stories which are part of the heritage of all the families of the earth, and ought to be cherished from the first to the last.

(2.) And what must we teach, what must be learnt about prayer? Let no parent forget,

* Bayard was born in 1475 and died in 1524. His uncle presented him to the Duke of Savoy into whose service he first entered. Being equipped in his silken suit and mounted upon his horse, just as he was to appear before the Duke, he came into the inner court of his father's castle to show himself to the assembled household. His high-spirited horse reared and danced, but Bayard was not afraid. With spur and rein he compelled him to circle about the court and, says the chronicle, "brought the creature to reason as though he (Bayard) were thirty instead of thirteen."—Ed.



THE YOUNG BAYARD.

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let no child forget, to say a prayer, however short, at morning and at evening. It will help to make you better all day. The Lord's Prayer will never fail you. The child will be able to understand it, the old man will find it expressing all that he wants. And there is also that form of prayer which is expressed in hymns. There are hymns which can be remembered better than anything else, and which in restless, sleepless nights of pain and suffering will come back to our minds, many, many years after they were learnt in childhood. Amongst these let me recommend the Morning and Evening Hymns, written by one of the best of Englishmen, Bishop Ken — the first beginning, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," and the other, "Glory to Thee, my God, this night." Not long ago I was visiting an aged and famous statesman, and he repeated to me, word by word, "The Evening Hymn" as he had learnt it, he told me, from his nurse, ninety years before.

So may it be with you, my children, not only with hymns, but with the other good things which you may learn now, and perhaps when you are like that old, very old man, grown gray in the service of his country, and full of years and honors, you may remember that when you were a child you heard something which you have not forgotten on the festival of St. John, on the eve of Innocents' Day, in Westminster Abbey.

“TALITHA CUMI.”

(PREACHED IN THE ABBEY, INNOCENTS' DAY, 1880.)

LET me take this evening the story of our Saviour's kindness to a little girl. There was in Capernaum a well-known house where lived one of the chief officers of the Synagogue. His name was Jairus. In that house was one only child, a little daughter of twelve years old—just at the age when a child has had time to endear itself to its parents—when its character first becomes to be seen and known. The child was thought to be dying. The father heard that the Great Healer had just crossed the lake. He was feasting in the house of Levi, the publican. The father rushes in—he falls at his feet—he entreats him to come and save his daughter.

The Lord arose; that little life was as precious in his sight as the souls of those whom he was convincing by his divine wisdom. He who said, "*Suffer the little children to come unto me,*" was as eager, if one may so say, to soothe the sick bed of this small Galilean maiden as though he had nothing else to do. For him the thought of human sickness, the call of a suffering parent, was the most sacred of human duties. He came at once. All along the shore and all through the streets he had to force his way through the dense crowd, thronging even more and more closely round him. Whilst he thus struggled with the crowd a messenger broke through the press with the sad tidings that it was too late. "*Thy daughter is dead.*" Amidst the surging of the crowd, and above the hum of many voices, the Master's wakeful ear heard the whisper of the messenger. He bade the father still keep up his heart. "*Fear not,*" he said, "*only believe.*"

"Fear not," he says to all anxious mourn-

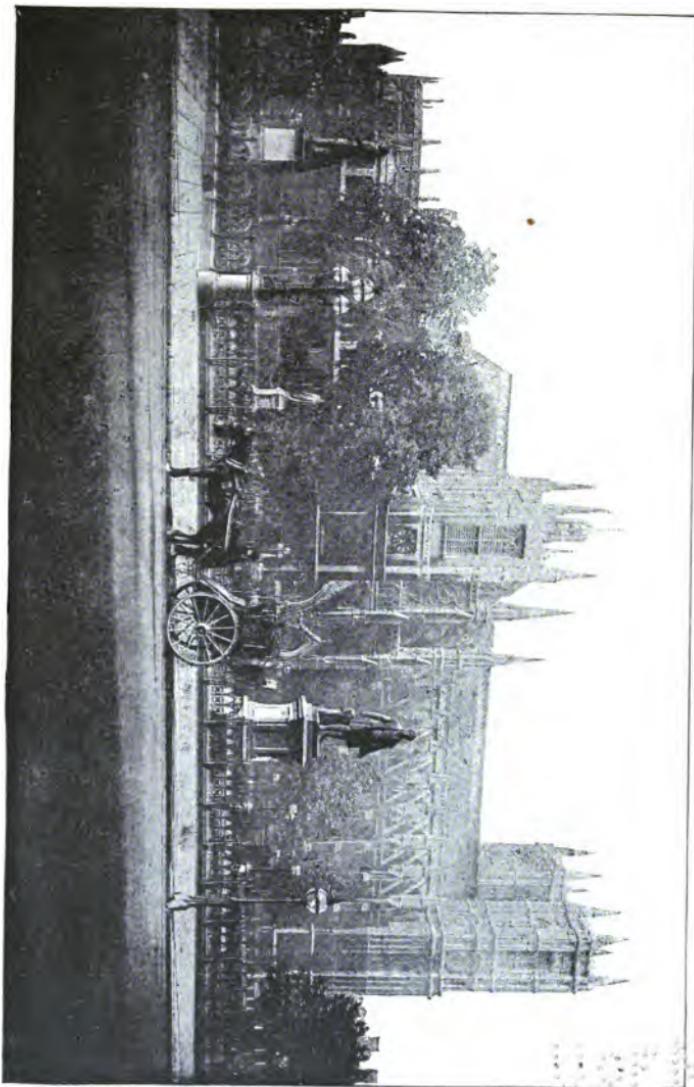
ers. "Fear not the dark and dreary void into which thy loved one has passed. Fear not that God will desert thee in thine hour of need. Fear not but thou wilt once more see the child, the parent, the brother, the sister thou hast lost. Only believe in the loving kindness of God our Saviour. Only believe that he who makes the flowers to spring and the buds to come forth again, will raise that little flower, will help that bursting blossom of the human soul."

He reaches the house. The hired mourners of Eastern countries are already there. They are wailing and shrieking, as is their wont. He said to the parents, "*She is not dead, but sleepeth*" — words that have often brought comfort to parents who have hung over the face of their dead child, in the hope of the general resurrection — words that are written in this church, on the pedestal of one of the children of the great family of Russell who died in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He touched the hand

of the child as she lay on her couch, as if in the sleep of death. He addressed her in words which have been handed down literally. It is doubtful in his discourses generally, what language our Saviour spoke — whether Greek or Syriac; but here, at any rate, the Syriac words are given. They are, "*Talitha cumi*;" that is, "My little lamb, my pet lamb, rise up." By these endearing appellations he roused the sleeping soul. By this he showed to the parents that he was one with them in their parental love, in their domestic joy as well as in their domestic sorrow. And she came again to life, and was to them as before.

Now let me apply this both to parents and children. Parents, remember what a gift, what an inestimable gift, is given to you in the gift of the soul of a little child; how its playful ways are to you the special gift of God. Think what a sight it is to see an innocent little girl; reflect how to any one except the most brutal of mankind, such a sight banishes

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all thoughts of filthy language or foul deeds; remember that the tenderness and gentleness which the sight of such a little girl awakens is one of the best parts of your nature. If any of you doubt whether it is in you to be self-controlled and masters of yourselves, remember that unless you are very bad indeed, you must be so in the presence of such a little being.

Sir William Napier describes in his *History of the Peninsular War*, how affecting it was to see, at the battle of Busaco, in Portugal, a beautiful Portuguese orphan girl coming down the mountains, driving an ass loaded with all her property through the midst of the armies. She passed over the field of battle with a childish simplicity, scarcely understanding which were French and which were English, and no one on either side was so hard-hearted as to touch her.

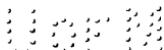
And let me give two stories which show how the strongest men are open to those kindly feelings which little children are given

by our Heavenly Father to promote in all of us. That same Sir William Napier once in his walks met with a little girl of five years old sobbing over a pitcher she had broken. She, in her innocence, asked him to mend it. He told her that he could not mend it, but that he would meet her trouble by giving her sixpence to buy a new one, if she would meet him there at the same hour the next evening, as he had no money in his purse that day. When he returned home he found that there was an invitation waiting for him, which he particularly wished to accept. But he could not then have met the little girl at the time stated, and he gave up the invitation, saying, "I could not disappoint her, she trusted in me so implicitly." That was the true Christian English gentleman and soldier.

Another example is that of Martin Luther, one of the fiercest and most courageous men that ever lived. But when he thought of his little children, especially of his little daughter,

he was as gentle and kind as any woman. His daughter Magdalen died when she was thirteen years of age, and it is most affecting to read his grief, and at the same time, his resignation. "Magdalen, my little daughter, thou wouldst gladly stay with thy father here, and thou wouldst also gladly go to thy Father yonder." "Ah! thou dear little thing, thou shalt rise again, and shine like a star; yea, like the sun." "Her face, her words cleave to our heart, remain fixed in its depths, living and dying, the words and looks of that most dutiful child. Blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ who called, chose, and magnified her. I would for myself, and all of us, that we might attain to such a death, yea, rather, to such a life."

And you children, these words are also addressed to you. "My little lamb," the very words tell you how precious you are to the Good Shepherd. Arise, get up, bestir yourself; get up from any slothful habit, from any idle,



selfish habit you have formed. Let His voice reach your innermost heart, and raise you from the deepest sleep.

There was a little boy who used to carry parcels from a bookseller to his customers. He went every day trudging through the streets with a heavy parcel of books under his arm, and one day he was sent to the house of a great duke with three folio volumes of Clarendon's *History of England*. The parcel was so heavy, his shoulders were so tired, that as he passed through Broad Sanctuary, opposite Westminster Abbey, he laid down the load, and sobbed at the thought that there was nothing higher in life for him to look forward to than being a bookseller's porter. Suddenly he looked up at the great building which towered above him. He thought of the high thoughts and great men who were enshrined within it. He brushed away his tears, replaced the load on his shoulders, and walked on with a light heart, determined to bide his time.



And his time came at last. He became one of the best and most learned of our Indian missionaries.*

There was a little girl living with her old grandfather. She was a good child, but he was not a very good man, and one day when the little child came back from school he put in writing over the bed "*God is nowhere*," for he did not believe in the good God, and he tried to make the little child believe the same. What did the little girl do? She had no eyes to see, no ears to hear, what her grandfather tried to teach her. She was very small; she could only read words of one syllable at the time; she rose above the bad meaning which he tried to put into her mind; she rose as we ought all to rise, above the temptation of our time; she rose into a higher and better world; she rose because her little mind could not do otherwise, and she read the words, not, "*God is nowhere*," but "*God is*

*The Missionary Marshman.

now here." That is what we all should strive to do. Out of words which have no sense, or which have bad sense, our eyes, our minds, ought to be able to read a better sense. The old grandfather was touched, and made serious, and we ought all of us to be made serious in like manner by the innocent questions and answers of our little children.

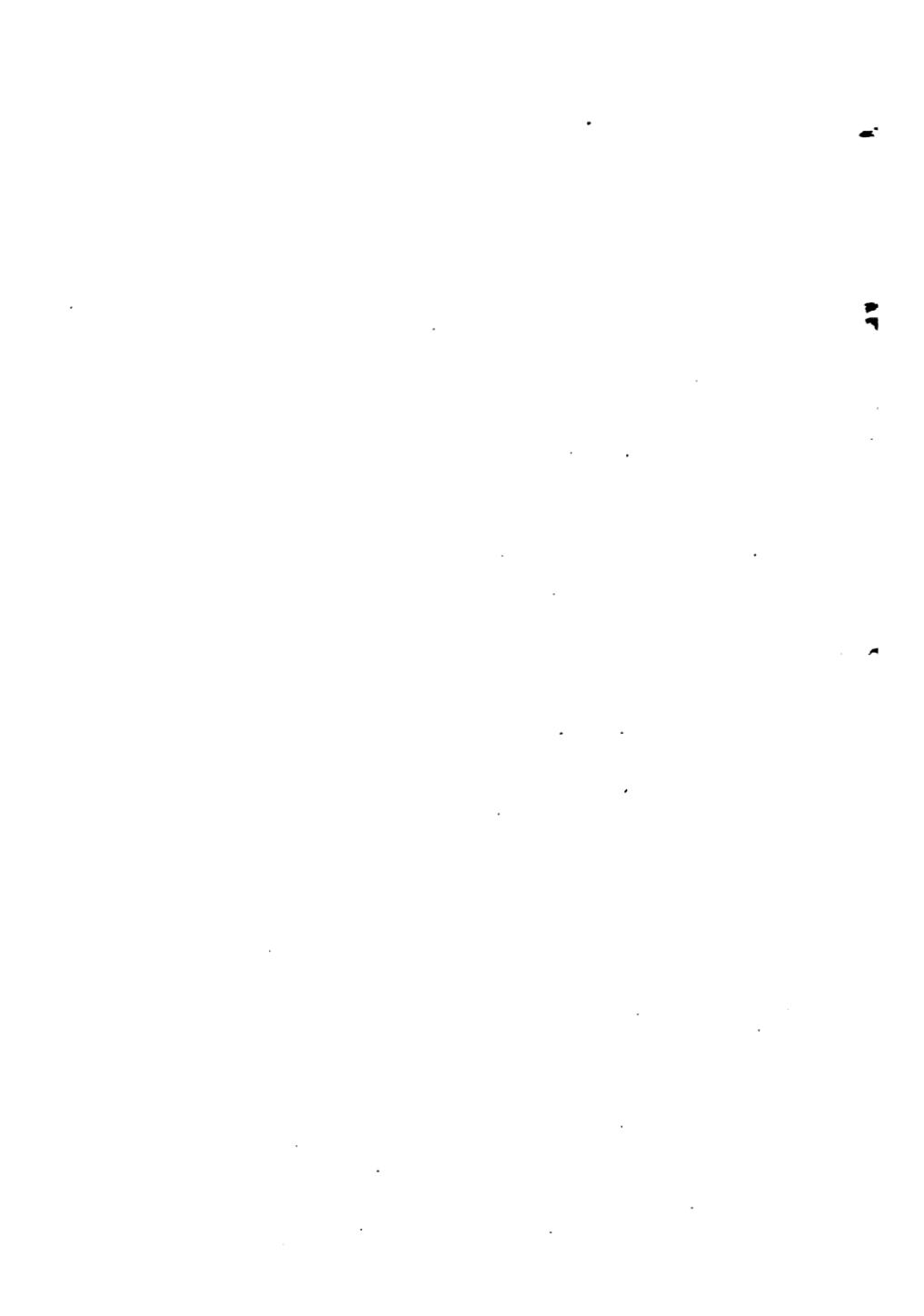
"God is now here."

God is now, at this moment, watching over them and us. God is here in this very Abbey, watching over the little children here assembled. God is here, in your homes, in your play, in your prayers listening to you, as He is in this church, and He says to each one of us "*Talitha cumi*" — My little lamb, rise, mount up, be better this year than you were last year. Mount up, become better and wiser ; mount up, rise up, as if you are climbing a long ladder ; mount up, rise up, as if you are climbing a high mountain, and then you will be able to read those words, "*God is*

nowhere," in their truest sense. They mean that God is in no particular place. That is true; but it is not the whole truth—it is only half the truth, or, rather, it is, when taken by itself, the reverse of the truth. But when we make it, "*God is now here*," it becomes a great truth, for it tells us that it is because God is in no particular place, therefore He is in all places. God is now here, for God is always everywhere—your help in ages past, your hope in years to come.

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